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Moments *in* Elysia

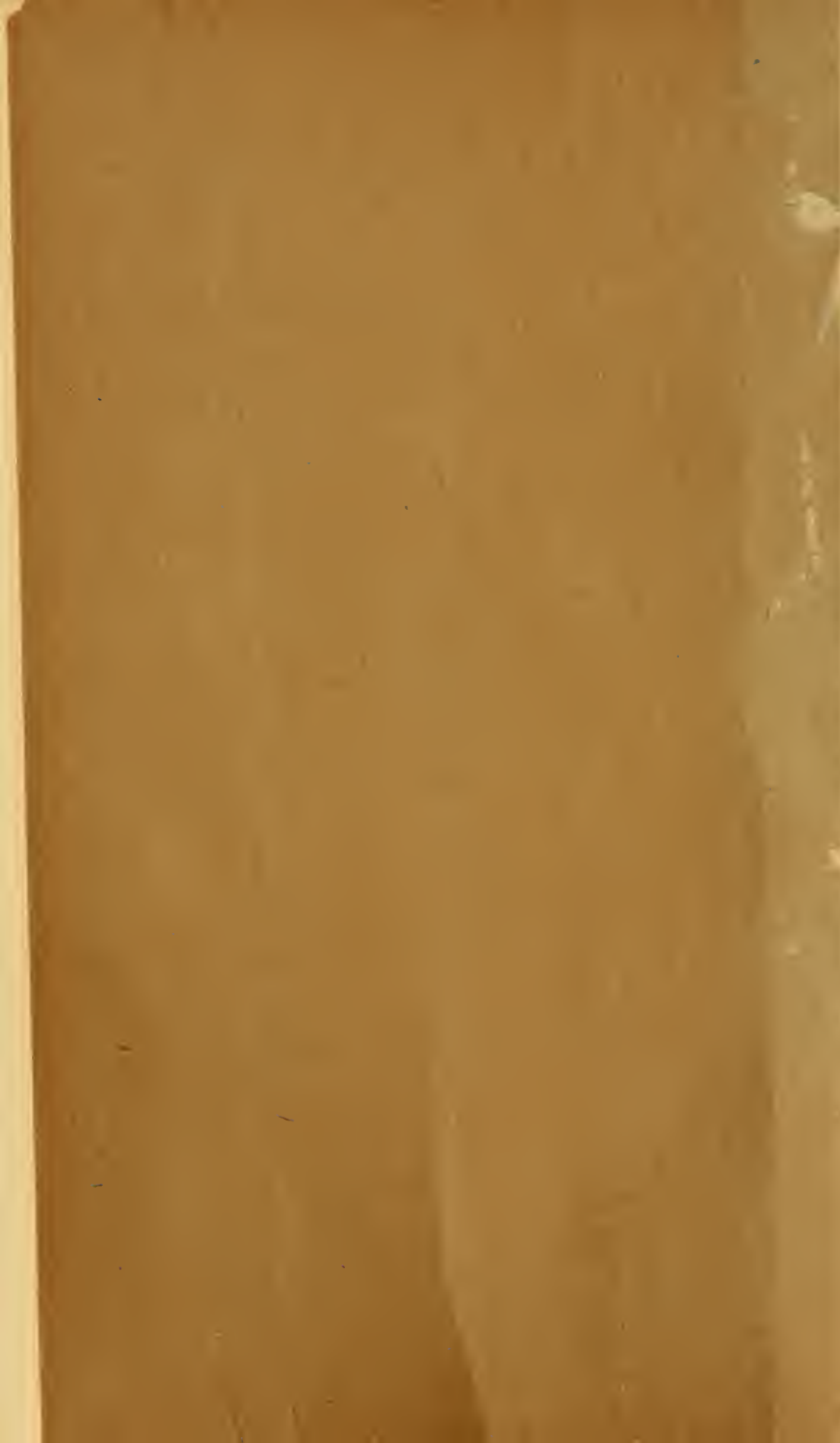
By William C. Washington
Author "Baroness DeVaughn;" Former Manager, The
Brooklyn Globe and The Brooklyn Star



FIRST EDITION
1919

Price \$1.35

Press of The St. Louis Argus
St. Louis, Mo.



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PREFACE

It would be superfluous for me to admit that much of our best English poetry lies beyond the imaginative reach of many readers, because of his or her unfamiliarity with the common places of literary allusion, reference and tradition. And as such common-places are more frequently recurrent in the literature of myth than in any other literature, at the request of my literary correspondent, a Miss H. A. J., of Portland, Oregon.

I endeavored to so utilize my spare moments these last two months, that even individuals of the humblest homes in the sandy deserts of Africa, groping blindly in the dark, might justly receive the benefit of my labor as well as the enlightened here, and others among us who are becoming blinded by the searchlight of civilization.

—(Author) William C. Washington.

Gift

Author

JAN 27 1920

INTRODUCTION

The world is now entering upon the most significant epoch of its history. The age of enlightenment and civilization. Countless agencies have been employed to meet the demands of this new era of intellectualism and more agencies need be instituted that will tend to enlighten the masses, that are neither benefitted by our present system of education in ward or grade school, high school or college.

First, because either inclination or circumstances deprive them the opportunity of a thorough education, notwithstanding the fact night schools are frequented by thousands of students from the masses; these night schools advocating the importance of increased attention to the modern languages, and the natural sciences fail to enrich their students with the rich treasures of Greek and Latin classics, through a combined process of translation and narration, therefore generation after generation live and die without at least endeavoring to institute among the masses that means of discipline which exerts a humanizing influence over its adherers, as well as presents in embryo the flower which now blossoms in the light of civilization. For without the beneficent influences of Greece and Rome, what is state or statesmanship, legislation or law, society or manners, philosophy, religion, literature or art, or even what is

It remains with you to decide as to whether you wish to intelligently keep pace with the marvelous wonders of the inventive Twentieth Century, noting the rapidity and certainty with which it strides, hoping to perfect mankind, or rather linger in those forgotten paths of ignorance and depravity, which would afford unfit hermitage for prehistoric man. The press which awoke from the torpor of the 18th Century may be used by all while it remains under the influence of our devotion, books, magazines, manuscripts, newspapers and periodicals, through their incongruous venture, through the wilderness of flame and famine may hope to erect in the hearts of their readers those emoluments of fame, which will give rise to those lofty principles, which approach those standards of honesty and integrity which emulates highest citizenship. Other writers having shown indifference along these lines, more eminent than myself—it is my intention to offer this book as an initial sentinel in the imaginative field of Greek and Latin classics without plunging its readers into the depths of technical discussion.

A special department of the succeeding volumes will be devoted to research and historical events of the past, the present and the future, not far distant. These series of books to be instituted for the benefit of the masses will be designed also to become the champion of progress, for humanity at large, with the hope of the support of every loyal supporter of uprising humanity. The primary object of these books will be to present to the masses the interesting side of every available agent pertaining to human progress. The secondary object will be to bring the masses closer to the school. For they are the bridge builders, the cable layers,

the mountain tunnelers, the coal miners, butchers, skilled and common laborers, farmers, mechanics and even book-keepers.

First, because those versed in science are often deprived of the wealth of the great store of literature and those deprived of the advantage of a thorough education, can intelligently conceive of some of the great wonders conveyed to them through this medium of success, and those who are benefitted may teach others some of the great lessons which book nature affords. New developments are hourly undergone in private laboratories and public factories and it will be the purpose of my associates as well as myself to draw upon the world for contributions to our storehouses of information. The proper work for my associates will be to present the first knowledge of these developments in a most interesting and fascinating manner.

William C. Washington,

Former student, Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Former manager of the Brooklyn Globe, of the Washington, Rhodes Arthur Publishing Co., Brooklyn, Ill., Associate editor of The Brooklyn Star, Playwright, Negro Poet and Author.

SEPTEMBER

MOMENTS *in* ELYSIA

THE MUSE OF PROSERPINE.

Maiden sings as she skips over mountains near Aegean
Sea, and is captured by Hostages in world war

1

Listen to the mourning winds
Mourning winds how they whine
They bring chimes of jollity in their tones
They sing of sweet adversity in their moans
They embrace the Heavens Fair
As they float thru the balmy air
And the earth fairly trembles as they blow
Amid he storms of trickling rain and snow.

2

Now they bow he stately groves
As they whisper to earth's loves
On either mount, plateau or plain
Mid thunderstorms that threaten earth in vain
Listen to the mournful breeze
As it rustles thru the trees
Disturbing skylark as well as whip-poor-will
As they slidingly glide o'er the hill
Scattering flowers here and there
In the refreshing morning air.
Rousing here and there a Cricke
As it windeth thru the thicket
To our house pleasant, Homes pleasant homes
Where the god of pleasure comes
Bringing joy to all the county
With the abundance of his bounty
Then the winds begin to whisper
To the encircling bells of Vesper
Amid the inhabitants of earth.
We have invaded homes and hearts of mirth.
Homes and hearts that are purer than dripping snow,
And more chrysallant than any brooks that flow.

3

Listen to the parting whines of the winds
As they triumphantly fly o'er the lea
On the consecrated wings of destiny,
Disturbing here and there a curl
Of some little happy smiling girl

On her way home from play
As the winds record the triumph of the day,
And they musingly pass on away.

.....

The Muse Of Proserpine

They wove bright stories in the days of old,
When reason borrowed fancies fabled wings;
And truth's pure river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told in song its high and mystic things.
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her
The pilgrim's heart to whom a dream was given.
That led her through the world loves worshipper.

To seek on earth, for her whose home was heaven.
In the Fall City, by the haunted fount,
Through the dim grottos tracery of spars
Mid the pine temples on the moonlit monut.
Where silence sits to listen to the stars.
In the deep glades where dwells the brooding doves.
The painted valley and the scented air.
She heard far echoes of the voice of love
And found his footsteps traces everywhere
But never more they met since doubts and fears
Those phantom shapes that haunt and blight the earth
Had come through her a child of sin and tears
And that bright shape of immortal Birth
Until her pinnig soul and weeping eyes
Had learned to seek him only in the skies
Until wings unto the weary heart were given
And she became loves Angel bride in Heaven

—T. K. Hervey.

O Goddess hear these tuneful numbers wrung
By sweet enforcements and remembrance dear
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung

..

Even into thine own soft conched ear.
Sure I dreamt today or did I see
The winged Physche with awakened eye
And on the sudden fainting with surprise
Saw two fair creatures couched side by side
In deepest grass beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and tumbled blossoms where have ran
A brooklet scarce espied
Mid bushed cool rooted flowers fragranteyed
Blue silver white and budded Tyrian
They lay calm breathing on the bedded grass
Their arms embraced and their pintons too
Of paled mouthed Prophet dreaming
O brightest though too late for antique vows
Too late for the fond believing lyre
When holy were the haunted forest boughs
Holy the air the water and the fire

Yet even in these days so far returned
 From happy pieties thy lucent fans
 Fluttering amid the faint Olympians
 I see and sing by mine own eyes inspired
 So let me be thy choir and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hour
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From winged censor teeming
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat,
 Of pale mouthed Prophetic Dreaming
 Yes, I will be thy Priest, and build a fain
 In some untrodden region of my mind
 Where branched thoughts now grown with pleasant pain
 Their lips touched not but had not bade adieu
 As if disjoined with half handed slumber
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye dawn of Aureorean Love
 The winged bay I knew
 But who wast thou O happy love
 His Physche true
 O latest born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympians faded hierarchy
 Fairer than Phoebes sapphire regioned star
 Or Vesper amorous glow worn of the sky
 Fairer than these though temple thou hast none
 Nor altar heaped with flowers
 Nor virgin choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hour
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain swung censor teaming
 No shrine, no grave, no oracle to heat
 Of Pale Prophetic dreaming
 Instead of Pines shall murmur in the wind
 Far, far around shall those dark clustered trees
 Fledge the wild ridge mountain steep by steep
 And there by Zephyrs streams and birds and bees
 The moss lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep
 And the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain
 With buds and bells and stars without a name
 With all the gardner fancy e'er could fain
 Who breeding flowers could never breed the same
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win
 A bright torch and a casement ope at night
 To let the war love in

—Keats

SONG OF PROSERPINE WHILE GATHERING FLOW- ERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNO

Sacred Godddess, mther of Earth
 Thou from whose immortal bosom,
 Gods and men and beasts have birth,

Leaf and blade and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till the ygrow in scent and hue
Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And for from eye or ears,
Won waves and wet winds labor
Weak ships and spirits steer,
They drive adrift and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here. ,
No growth of moor or coppice,
o heather flower or vine
But bloomless buds of poppies
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf bloom or blushes *
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale beyond porch and portal
Crowned with calm leaves she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her,
From many times and lands.
She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born,
Forgets the earth her mother
The life of fruits and corn
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wings for her and follow
Where Summer song rings hallow,
And flowers are put to scorn.
We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
Today will die tomorrow,
Time stoops to no man lure;
And love grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no love endures.
From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,

We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star and sun shall waken
Nor any charge of light
Nor sound of water shaken
Nor any sound or sight
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
Nor days nor things divinal
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.
I pick the flowers that Proerpine let fall,
Sung thru the world by every honeyed muse:
Wild morning glories, daises waving tall
At every step in something new to choose.
And oft I stop and gaze
Upon the flowery maze
By yonder cypresses on that soft rise
Scarce seen thru poppies and the knee deep wheat.

Into the dark cleft whereon her came the fleet
Thunder-black horses and the cloud surprise
And he who filled the place
Did marigolds bright as these gilding the mist,
Dropt from her maiden zone? Wert thou last kissed,
Pale Hyacinth, last seen, before his face?

On whence has silence stolen on all things here,
Where every sight makes music to the eye?
Thru all one unison is singing clear
All sound, all colors in one rapture die
Breathe slow, O heart, breathe slow!
O presence from below
Moves towards the breathing world from that dark deep,
Whereof men fabling tales tell what no man knows,
When earth lies stark in her titanic sleep
And doth with cold expire
He brings thee all, O maiden flower of earth
Her child in whom all nature comes to birth,
Thee the fruition of all dark desire.
A Proserpine, dream not that thou art gone
Far from our loves half human half divine;
Thou hast a holier adoration won.
In many a heart that worships at no shrine.

Where light and warmth behold me
And flower and wheat enfold me
I lift a dearer prayer than all prayers past

He who so loved thee that the live earth clove
Before his pathway into light and love

And took thy full bosom
 Shall every blossom call,
 Lover the most of what is most our own
 The mightiest lover that the world has known,
 Dark lover death,—was he not beautiful
 Wil thou sing of Roman Virgil
 Whispered voices in mournful tune
 More yet sobbed the frightened maiden
 Saying this the maiden swoons.

A priest in their midst stabs her
 As she sorrows on that eventful day.
 The fires that in my bosom ease
 Can't be suppressed till death.
 Me earth no longer satisfies
 Lest God return her breath
 Vengeance upon that wicked priest
 That blamed accursed knave
 Who doubly wronged the poor deceased
 And drove her to her grave.

Prologue To The Communion Of The Shades

One unknown Priest of Shades among the living
 In shades communion asks with brief thanksgiving
 Of Prometheus, enriched with myths of varied lore
 To open once and for all times the door
 Of vast eternity, shut to the living eyes
 Of those unwilling to seek their wisdom from the skies
 The winds, the flowers, the vegetable and rain
 The fowls of the air, the fish, the fields of grain
 The fragrant meadow, the sylvan brooks, which flow
 Thru lonely dales, the hail, the sleet and snow,
 The soft dewdops, herbs, the mists of fog, the poor dumb
 brutes,
 The plateaus, mountains, canyons, all Heaven's attributes,
 The clouds, the stars, the skies, the mighty Sun,
 The sands of the seas, the pebble, the grasshopper, the moon
 Monarchs, sovereigns, presidents of democracies, unionists,
 Parties, Republican, Democratic, Socialists and Prohibition-
 ists,
 Evangelists, Suffragettes, Educators, Preachers, Sons of toil
 Honest laborers, lodgemen, righteous business men, tillers
 of the soil,
 Kingdoms, monarchies, archipelagoes, republics and democ-
 racies,
 Parliaments, comminiques, senates, rheigstags and prophecies
 Reformers in church and state, with purpose manifold,
 To aid the suffering transfixed to a cross of gold
 Might well be used to banish earth's present moan,
 If within men's hearts the seeds of love are strewn
 Then the Negro, Pole, Armenian and Jew oppressed
 Will take his place on earth beside the rest
 'Till then, O nations, will ye live in strife
 And your deeds will haunt you still in after life
 Because the light of heaven fair above,

Hath taught mankind God is the God of love.

A learned man dear to each Brooklynite's heart
Former pastor of F. C. B. Church, well versed in science,
literature and art,

In myth departed light, but everlasting friend,
Among the Shades will study the hearts of men.
Dr. Bohanan.

Chaos springs from the hand of Time
Night and mist enshrine the fiery cline
Around the central fiery air the mist
Rapidly rotates and in halves splits,
One form the Heavens the other the Earth
The central speck gives love in birth
The castellations of the stars
Happened to bless the sons of Mars
Whose existence in a speck of time,
Was potential, though nevertheless sublime
Erebus from the darkness leaps,
Plains, fertile fields, the sea plants and animals creep
From mother Earth, Erebus and night
In wedlock give birth to day and light
Uranus the heavens personified
Takes Gala he Earth for his sweet bride.
From their union issue Hecatonchires, Titans and Cyclops
spring
Who defy the Gods of Olympus and Uranus.

The Titans, investigators of hate and strife
Despised Uranus but loved his wife.
The Cyclops with thunderbolt, lightening flash and rolling
thunder
With the Hecatonchires attempt to tear Uranus kingdom
asunder
Uranus despising the monsters day of birth
Thrust them into Tartarus, the profound abysm of Earth,
Indignant Gala summons the Titans bold
To drive Uranus from the godly fold
Cronus the craft, hears his mothers plea
And with cycle mutilates Uranus dreadfully.
From the blood of Uranus into being furies appear
Grants Melic nymphs and invidious maidens of the ashen
sphere

Thus Heaven and Earth are ruled for ages unknown
By Cronus of Rhea who usurps Olympus throne
Cronus learning that he would be dethroned
By a favored offsring of his own
Looked upon his babes with scorn
And began to eat them when they were born.
To save the heir to Olympus throne
In swaddling clothes Rhea wraps a stone
And to make her conquest quite complete,
Conceals Zeus the rescued infant on the Isle of Crete
Nutured by the nymphs Ida and Adrastes
Fed on the milk of the goat Amalthea
Thru the good hand of destiny

Jupiter attains in due time maturity
 Three daughters, Vesta, Ceres and Juno were born
 To Cronus and Rhea also the sons, Pluto and Poseidon
 Thus Jupiter his majority attains
 And with his host Mt. Olympus gains
 'Gainst him Cronus, Iapetus and all the Titans stood
 Save Oceanus as firm as Birnham wood
 In the balance for ages wavered victory
 Until thru his wise Goes trickery
 Are loosed the Cyclops of Hecatonchires
 Who thru thunders, lightnings, earthquakes and fires
 Aids Jupiter blind the Titans brave
 Whom the Hecatonchires fetter in Tartarus yawning cave.
 But good Prometheus son of the Titan bold
 Espoused Joves cause, though Iapetus his father, sold
 His freedom and sought the dark confines
 Of Tartarus where oblivion combines
 With perpetual darkness and Jupiter prevents
 The silent entry of solace and content
 To that abyssmal realm and thus Prometheus
 With prophetic wisdom and reverence to Pan
 Submits his existence to the championship of man.
 Upon the various animals Epimeteus combines
 Strength, swiftness, sagacity and thus enshrines
 One with wing the other with shell or claws
 Which to this day conform to nature's laws
 While good Prometheus kneading with water, earth
 In upright stature of the image of God bring forth
 At the chariot of the sun his torch doth light
 A man—ascends to heaven in his certain flight
 For man's possession brings down fire
 And with grim satisfaction to satiate desire
 That the highest development in commerce, science and art
 may acquire
 As well as Earth's secrets and treasures the man of the
 hour
 Alas the thunder ceases to roll
 And comes the pleasant age of gold
 The rivers flow with milk and wine
 And yellow honey flow from oak and pine
 Flowers spring up without seed
 Man is known by honest deed
 Without dungeon, cave or jail
 In this age doth truth and right prevail.
 Farmer neither plowed nor sowed
 But provisions in abundance flowed
 Locusts honey and bread fruit trees
 Are as abundant as a nest of bees
 Groves of bananas, oranges, figs and dates
 Are given each man by the Fates
 Fruits and nuts of every kind
 Men can in their own orchards find,
 There is no need of slaughtered flock
 And seldom any need to cook,
 Man and beast sleep side by side

And neither sleep dissatisfied.
The golden age by fate is blessed
With innocence and happiness
Forests are not of timber stripped
For now man hath no need for ship
Those men of honor and renown
Reared no fortifications around their town.
Honey bees hum and birdies sing
And man enjoys perpetual Spring
Their death is but a pleasant dream
Which winds bear from Arethusas stream.

Then comes the age of silver bright
For every dame a gallant knight
Men readily begin to reason
The years are divided into seasons
Men live in caves and huts of twigs
They live no more on dates and figs
They suffer no extremes of heat and cold
Crops only grow by their planting
They lived by farming, fishing and hunting.
To them was quite unknown 'til now
The duty of man, of ox and plow
For the bewitching evil by the gods was planned
And given as a gift to man.
For Pandora is to Epimetheus given
By a vision of the gods of heaven
One gives her beauty one persuasive charm,
One music which doth all hearts alarm.
Epimetheus adores his precious gift
And lets his thoughts toward pleasure drift
Prometheus bades his brother Epimetheus beware
Of Jupiter and all his snares
Within Pandora's hand did Jupiter place
A petulant god forbidden vase
And bade Pandora to keep closed
The vase from which all misery flows.
Wishing to know the secret of Jove's plans
She loosed the plagues of hapless man
When she coyly the vase did ope,
And left remaining in casket only hope
Prometheus unselfish devotion to the cause of man

Aroused the indignation of universal Pan
Who strove to humble the Titans pride
That the wishes of the gods defied
By providing vulture, rock and chain
As instruments of the Titans pain.

O Titan, who for man's cause has striven
Against the immortal gods of heaven
There flies within the realms of time
Some few who grasp thy gift sublime
Who ever kindle sparkling fire

Thou gav'st man by constant desire
To lead to light and to illumine.
In the nocturnal chasms of Plutonic gloom
By means of thine e'er illuminating spark
Generations that blindly grope in the dark
Who forthwith sets from vulture free
Thou Prometheus the moment thy light they see.
Strife of arms and savage temper
Did both in the brazen age enter
After it comes the age of iron
Whereupon tyrants wear monarchs' crown
War at home and abroad is rife
Monarchies are are engulfed in strife
Truth, modesty and honor flee
And the earth groans with agony.
Men against Olympus stand
And blood runs like water in the land
The last to abandon earth is Astraea
The goddess of innocence and purity.

Burning with anger the mighty Jove
Summons to council, the gods, above
In obedience to the master of Olympus call
The gods repair to heaven one and all.
A supreme order to the gods is given
To travel the milky way to the place of heaven
There he first expressed his desire
Of destroying the earth by living fire
But fearing the heavens he might inflame
He pours out waters upon hill and plain,
And summons the waters of Poseidon
To aid him drown out accursed man
Because of crime and spilling of guileless blood
Soon the earth is engulfed in a complete flood.
The waves are o'er-topped by Mt. Parnassus alone
Where fled Pyrrha daughter of Promethesian Dencalion
Who in obedience to the gods were quickly thrown
The new born race in the form of stone.

The hero Hellen, son of Pyrrha and Dencalion
Becomes ancestor of the Hellenes the Aeolians and Dorians
From the union of Aeolian and Dorus spring
From his son Xuthus the Achaeans and Ionians derive
origin
From Pelagus, son of Phoroneus of Argos comes
The grandsons of River god Inachus with Peloponnesian
homes
Next comes Perseus of Argos and his good son Hercules
Who from the vulture the noble Prometheus frees
Within whose mouth doth mortal author place,
Which in a single stroke would unfetter the human race.
The Hypoboreans dwelt in bliss without an earthly king
And enjoyed from the gods perpetual spring
Inaccessible was their country by land or sea,
They lived exempt from old age, disease and misery.

Blessed with immortal bliss and mirth,
Dwell Etheopians on the southside of the Earth
They dance and play near the ocean stream,
By the ocean stream on the Elysian plains
Are heard the Ethiopians martial strains
Their flasks are partaken of by the immortal gods
Who leave at times their Olympian abodes
To watch the chase of Arethusa or Elis,
Then feast with the sons of immortal bliss
From whence the sun-god takes his flight
To engulf the universe in light
Giving gods and mortals a day of gold
Ere his course is run to the ocean fold.
Thus ends the tale of Dr. Bohanan,
Who got his wisdom from tthe Sun.

Slowly old Cydippe rose and cried
Hear, whose priestess I have been and am
Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes
Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven
With hypoborean echoes rings and roars,
Remembering thy dread nuptials a wise god,
Golden and white in that new carven shape
Hear me! and grant for these my pious sons
Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms
Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer
Stayed in the byre, dragged out the chariot old,
And wore themselves the galling yoke and brought
Their mother to the feast of her desire,
Grant then, O Hera, thy best gifts of gifts,

Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud
In heaven and vast company was hushed.
But when they sought for Cleobis behold
He lay there still and by his brothers side
Lay Biton, smiling thru ambrosia curls,
And when the people touched them they were dead.

Among these leavs she made a butterfly,
With excellent device and wondrous slight
Flutteringly among the olives wantonly,
That seemed to live, so like it was in sight
The velvet nap which on his wings doth be
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad outstretched arms, his hairy thighs,
His glorious colors and his glistening eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, was overlaid
And mastered with markmanship so rare,
She stood astonished long, he naught gainsaid;
And with fast-fixed eyes on her did stare.

(From Spencers Muiopotmos)

Amid nine daughters slain by Artemis

Stood Niobe she raised her head above
Those beauteous forms, which had brought down the scath
Whence all nine fell, raised it and stood erect,
And thus bespake the goddess enthroned on high:
"Thou heardest, Artemis, my daily prayer
That thou wouldst guide these children in the path
Of virtue thru the tangling wiles of youth,
And thou didst ever guide them: was it just
To smite them for a beauty such as thine?
Deserved their death because thy grace appear'd
In ever modest motion? 'twas thy gift,
The richest gift that youth from heaven receives.
True, I did boldly say they might compare
Even with thyself in virgin purity:
May not a mother in her pride repeat
What every mother said?

One prayer remains

For me to offer yet
Thy quivers holds
More than nine arrows: bend thy bow; aim here
I see it glimmering thru a cloud
Artemus, thou at length art merciful:
My children will not hear the fatal twang.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the rive-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The winds in the weeds and rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Timolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark temple lay
In Pelions shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
SPEEDED by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvanus and Fauns,
And the nymphs of the woods and waves,
GALLEY FOUR
To the edge of the moist river lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars
I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of heaven—and the giant wars,
And love, and death and birth—

And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed :
Gods and men, were are all deluded thus
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed,
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy of age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Universal Pan

Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Lied on the eternal Spring
The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and a loud lament
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with parting sent
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

Ah the beauteous world while yet ye ruled it—
Yet—by gladsome touches of the hand ;
Ah the joyous hearts that still ye governed,
Gods of beauty, ye, of Fableland
Then, ah, then the mysterious resplendent
Triumphed—Other was it then, I ween,
When thy shrines were odorous with garlands,
Thou of Amathus the queen.

Then the gracious vale of fancy woven
Fell in folds about the face uncouth ;
Through the universe life flowed in fullness,
What we feel not now was felt in sooth :
Man ascribed nobility to nature,
Rendered love unto the earth he trod,
Everywhere his eyes illuminated
Saw the footprints of a God.

Lovely world where art thou? Turn, oh, turn thee,
Fairest blossom-tide of Nature's spring!
Only in the poet's realm of wonder,
Livest thou still—a fable vanishing.
Reft of life the meadows lie deserted ;
Ne'er a godhead can my fancy see :
Ah, if only of those living colors
Lingerest yet the Ghost with me!

By your beauty which confesses
Some chief beauty conquering you
By your grand heroic guesses
Through your falsehood at, the true,
We will weep not earth shall roll
Heir to each god's aureole,

And Pan is dead

(Elizabeth Barrett)

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Look over Wall streets mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour the rates of gold
Outrival in the ears of people,
The quarter chimes serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple—
Even there I heard a strange, wild strain,
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war the auctions hammering,
And swift, on music's misty ways

It led from all this strife of millions,
To ancient sweet do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians
And as it still'd the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar;
One hand a droning organ play'd,
The other held a Pan's pipe fashioned,
Like those of old, to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling thru the sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had cross'd the seas—
From haunts of shepard nymph and satyr
And Syracusan times to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That call with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting (Illustration
Fig. 3)

His clubbed feet cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed as on some frieze you see them.
And trousers patched of diverse hues,
Conceal'd his crooked shanks beneath them. (Illustration)
He filled the quivering reeds with sound
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted:
And soon, as on Frinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncy Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,

Come beats from every wooded valley
The random passers stayed to list—
A boxer, Aegon, rough and merry—
A Broadway Daphnis on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tatter'd cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng
A blowsy, apple vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch house handv
And bade the piper with a shout,
To strike up "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

A newsboy and a peanut girl
Like little fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her twany legs were bare and taper
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye, the shepard minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of nature! beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But music waves eternal wands,
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I—but among us trod
A man in blue with legal baton
And scoff'd the vagrant demigod
And push'd him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry—
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Pan loved his neighbor echo: Echo loved
A gamesome Satyr; he by her unmoved
Loved only Lyde; thus thru Echo, Pan,
Lyde and Satyr, Love his circle ran.
Thus all, while their true lovers' hearts they grieved,
Were scorned in turn, and what they gave received.
O, all love scorers learn this lesson true;
Be kind to Love, that he be kind to you.

Dian white-armed has given me this cool shrine
Deep in the bosom of Wood and Pine;
The silver sparkling showers
That hide me in the flowers
That prink my fountains brim; are hers and mine

And when the days are mild and fair,
And grass is springing, buds are blowing
Sweet it is, 'mid waters flowing,
Combing my yellow, yellow hair.

The Eunce and panther down the mountain side
Creep thro' dark greenness in the eventide;
And at the fountain's brink
Casting great shades they drink
Gazing upon me tame and sapphire-eyed;
For awed by my pale face whose light
Gleameth thro' sedge and lillies yellow
They, lapping at the fountain mellow,
Harm not the lamb that in affright
Its shadows small and dusky-white.

Throws in the pool so mellow, mellow, mellow
Oft do the fauns and satyrs, flush'd with play,
Come to my coolness in the hot noonday.
Nay, once indeed I vow
By Dian's truthful brow
The great god Pan himself did pass this way
And, all in festal oak-leaves clad
His limbs among these lillies throwing,
Watch'd the silver waters flowing
Listen'd to their music glad,
Saw and heard them flowing, flowing, flowing,
And ah! his face was worn and sad!

Mild joys like silver waters fall;
But it is sweetest, sweetest by far of all,
In the calm Summer night,
When the tree tops look white,
To be exhaled in dew at Dian's call,
Among my sister clouds to move
Over the darkness, earth bedimming
Milky-robed thro' heaven swimming
Floating round the stars above,
Swimming proudly, swimming proudly, swimming,
And waiting on the Moon I love.

So tenderly I keep this cool, green shrine,
Deep in the bosom of Wood and Pine.
Faithful thro' shade and sun,
That service due and done
May haply earn for me a place divine
Among the white-robed deities
That thread thro' starry paths attending
My sweet lady calmly wending
Thro' the silence of the skies,
Changing in hues of beauty never ending
Drinking the light of Diana's eyes.

Hear now the fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth and beauty still,
As the mortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

Now in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams.
Because they overstepped the narrow bound
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhoesus made no doubt that he was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked.
The clear broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Then thru the window flew the wounded bee,
And Rhoecus tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting Sun,
And instantly the blood sank from his heart—

—Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur, Rhoecus! close at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but he could see
Naught but the deepening looms beneath the oak.
Then signed the voice, "O Rhoecus nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar and mortal heart:
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger
And sentst him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to the gentle eyes,
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."
Then Rhoecus beat his breast and groaned aloud
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice returned 'tis thou art blind
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive
But have no skill to heal thy spirits' eyes,
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore."
And Rhoecus after heard no other sound
Except the rattling of the Earth's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the seaworn pebbles up and down.

The night had gathered round him o'er the plain

The city sparkled with its thousands lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse, above the sky
With all its bright sublimity of stars
Deepened on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him and delight
But from that eve he was alone on earth.
Phyche looking on fair cupid amorously
As if he were some great divinity
Scarce kept back a cry
At what he saw; for there before her lay
The very love brighter than dawn of day;
And as he lay there smiling, her own name
His gentle lips in sleep began to frame,
And as to touch his face her hands did move
O then, indeed, her faint heart swelled for love
And she began to sob and tears fell fast,
Upon the bed—But as she turned at last
To quench the lamp, there happed a little thing
That quenched her new delight for flickering
The treacherous flame cast on his shoulders fair
A burning drop; he woke, and seeing her there
The meaning of that sad sight knew full well,
Nor was there need the piteous tale to tell.

While Cupid swooned in his mother's arm
Heartsick, the offspring of thunderstorm
Ascended to woo Prince of Palace of Cypeas
Failed of support of Zephyr, fell down the precipice
While Phyche, meanwhile wandered day and night
Without food or drink beheld the seagull white
Which like the zephyrs o'er the waves doth leap
On looking down dived into the middle deep
And rowing with his glistening wings arrived
At Aphrodite's bower beneath the sea.

But he with garrulous laughing tongue,
Broke up his news; how Eros fallen sick
Lay tossing on his bed, to frenzy stung
By such a burn as did but barely prick:
A little belb no bigger than a pease,
Upon his shoulder 'twas that killed his ease,
Fevered his heart and made his breathing thick
“For which disaster hath he not been seen
This many a day at all in my place:
And thou, dear mistress, said he hast not been
Thyself among us now dreary space
And pining mortals suffer from a dearth
Of love; and for this sadness of the Earth
Thy family is darkened with disgrace—
“’Tis plain that if thy pleasure longer pause
Thy mighty rule on earth hath seen its day;
The race must come to perish and no cause
But that thou sittest with thy nymphs at play,

While on the Cretan hills thy truant boy
Has with his pretty mistress turned to toy,
And, less for pain than love, now pines away.
On Hellenspont, guilty of true Love's blood
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Seaboarders, disjoin'd by Nephines might
The one Abdos, the other Sestos night.
At Sestos, Hero dwelt, Hero the fair
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair

And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
Some say for her the fairest Cupid pen'd
And looking in her face was stricken blind.
But this is true so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid her childish head upon her breast
And, with still panting rockt, there took his rest.
On this feast day.—O cursed day and hour!
Went Hero through Sestos from her tower,
To Venus' temple, where unhappily
As after chanc'd they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none,
And in the midst a silver altar stood
The walls were of discolored jasper stone—
There Hero sacrificing turtles blood
Vail'd to the ground veiling her eyelids close:
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Then flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone-still he stood and evermore he gazed,
'Till with the fire from his countenance blazd
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was struck

Such power and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate,
When two are stript long ere the case begin,
We wish that one should lose the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like each respect:
The reason no man knows let it suffice,
What we beheld is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight,
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneel'd but unto her devoutly prayed:
Chaste hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him"
And, as she spoke these words, came somewhat near him,
He started up she blushed as one ashamed
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd;
He touched her hand, in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply groundd hardly is dismissed....

These arguments he us'd and many more
 Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
 Hero's look she yielded but her words made war:
 Women are won when they begin to jar,
 Thus having swallow'd cupid's golden hook
 The more she strived the deeper was she struck:
 Yet, evilly feigning anger, she strove still,
 And would be thought to grant against her will.
 So having paus'd awhile at last she said,
 "Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
 Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,
 And yet I like them for the orator."
 With that Leander stoop'd to have embraced her
 But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
 And bespake him: gentle youth forbear
 To touch the sacred garments which I wear.

"Come thither" as she spake thus her tongue tripp'd.
 For unawares, "Come thither" from her slipped.
 And suddenly her former color chang'd,
 And here and there thru anger rang'd
 And like a planet moving several ways
 At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays.
 Loving, not to love at all, and every part
 Strove to resist the notions of her heart:
 And hands, so pure so innocent, nay such
 As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
 Did she uphold to Venus, and again
 Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain
 Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings"....

Come hither all sweet maidens soberly
 Down looking, aye, and with a chastened light,
 Hid in the fringe of your eyelids white,
 And meekly let your fair hands joined be.

(See Museum of Alexander, De Armore Heros et Leander)

Keats Sonnet on Picture of Leander.

As if so gentle that ye could not see,
 Untouched a victim of your beauty bright,
 Sinking away to the young spirits night
 Sinking bewilder'd mid the dreary sea:
 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;
 Nigh swooning he doth purse his weary lips,
 For hero's cheek and smile against her smile
 A horrid dream! see how his body dips,
 Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile
 He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath.

Mortals are scarcely given breathing space,
 As they view Hippomenes and fleet Atlantis race
 They both startled, he, by one stride first,
 For she half pitied him so beautiful
 Running to meet his death, yet she was resolved

To conquer; soon she neared him and he felt
The rapid and repeated gush of breath
Behind his shoulder.

From his hand now dropped
A golden apple; she looked down and saw
A glitter on the grass, yet on she ran
He dropped a second; now she seemed to stoop:
He dropped a third, and now she stooped indeed;
Yet swifter than a wren picks a grain
Of millet rais'd her head; it was too late.
Hippomenes had touched the maple goal
With but two fingers, leaning proudly forth,
Now each walked slowly forward, both so tired
When he turn'd round to her, she lowered her face.
Cover'd the blushes and held out her hand
The golden apple in it

“Leave me now”
Said she, “I must walk homeward.”

He did take
The apple and the hand.

“Both I detain”
Said he “the other two I dedicate
To the two powers that soften virgin hearts,
Eros and Aphrodite; and this one
To her who ratifies the nuptial vow”
She would have wept to see her father weep;
But some god pitied her and purple wines
(What gods were they?) hovered and interposed.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow, supernal
As the forehead of Appollo
As possessing eternal.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses
Wild from maxian groves or Zantes
Vinyards sing delirious verses.

Behold, behold! the granite gates unclose
And down the vales a lyric people flows;
Dancing to music, in their dance they fling
Their frantic robes to every wind that blows;
And deathless praises to the winegod sing.

Nearer they press and nearer still in sight,
Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir;
Crossing on high the symbol of their right
The cane-tipped thyrsus of a god's desire;
Nearer they come, tall damsels flushed and fair,
With ivy circling their abundant hair;
Onward with even pace in stately rows,
With eye that flashes, and with cheek that glows,
And all the while their tribute songs they bring,

And newer glories of the past disclose,
And deathless praises to the winegod sing.

Arcadian Atlanta, snowy souled,
Fair as the snow and footed as the wind.
For thy name's sake and awe toward thy chaste head,
O, holiest Atlanta! no man dares
Praise thee, though fairer than whom all men praise,
And godlike for thy grace of hallowed hair,
And holy habit of thine eyes and feet,
That make the blown foam neither swift nor white,
Gods found because of thee adorable
And for thy sake praise also thee as these
Pure and the light lit at the hands of gods.

Then all abode save one,
The Arcadian Atlanta from her side
Sprang her hounds laboring at the leash and slipped
And splashed ear-deep with plunging feet; but she
Saying "Speed it as I send it for thy sake
Goddess" drew bow and loosed the saddened string.
Rang and sprang inward and the waterish air
Hiss'd and the moist plumes of the songless reeds,
Moved as a wave which the wind moves no more.
But the boar heaved half out of ooze and slime
His tense flank trembling the barbed wound,
Hateful and fiery with evasive eyes
And bristling with intolerant hair
Plunged and the hounds, and green flowers and white
Reddened and broke all around them where they came.

Rock-rooted, Fair with fierce and fastened lips,
Clear eyes and springing muscle and shortening limb....
With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening throat,
Grave and with gathered sinews, like a god
Aimed in the left side his well handled spear,
Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn and smote
And with no missile wound, the monstrous boar
Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide,
Under the last rib, sheer thru bulk and bone
Deep in and deeply smitten unto and to death,
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts
Leapt, and fell furiously, and from raging lips,

THE FATEFUL ICARUS.

With melting wax and loosened strings
Sunk hapless Icarus on unfaithful wings.
Headlong he rushed thru the affrighted air.
With limbs distorted and disheveled hair;
His scattered plumage danced upon the wave,
And sorrowing Nereids decked his watery graves.
O'er his pale corps their pearly sea flowers shed,
And strewed with crimson moss his marble bed;

Struck in their coral towers the passing bell,
And wide in ocean tolled his echoing knell.

From every region of Egeas shore
The brave assembled, those illustrious twins
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus tuneful bard.
Zetes and Caltaïs, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules and many a chief renowned
On deep Iolcas, sandy shore they thronged,
Gleaming in armor ardent of exploits,....
And soon the laurel chord and the huge stone
Uplifting to the bark;
Whose keel of wondrous length the skillful hand
Of Argos fashioned for the proud attempt;
And in the extended keel a lofty mast
Upraised and sails full swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted object, not first now they learned,
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by golden stars, as chiron's art
Had marked the sphere celestial.

One speaks.....

Oh, happy seafarers are ye
And surely all your ills are past;
And toil upon the land and sea,
Since ye are brought to us at last;
But now, but when we have lain
Asleep with us a little while
Beneath the washing of the main
How calm shall be your waking smile!

A little more, a little more
O carriers of the golden fleece!
A little labor with the oar,
Before we reach the land of Greece.
E'en now, perchance, faint rumors reach,
Men's ears of this our victory,
And draw them down upon the beach
To gaze upon the empty sea,
Alas! and will ye stop your ears,
In vain desire to do aught,
And wish to live mid cares and fears,
Until the last fear makes you naught?

Is not the May-time now on Earth
When close against the city wall
The folks are singing in their mirth,
While on their heads the May flowers fall.

To please the will of Heaven's fair godhead
Upon a day were Peleas and Thetis wed
Now on a day foreset, Aurora forsaking the ocean
Crimsons the orient sky: all Thessaly, seeking the palace
Fares to the royal seat, in populous muster exultant,

Heavy of hand with gifts but blithsome of cheer for the
joyance
Crannon's glittering domes and to battlements of Laris-
sean,
Cumber, Pharsalia, throng the abodes and the streets of
Pharsalus.
Fields meanwhile are untilled, grow tender the necks of
oxen,
None with the curving teeth of the harrow cleareth the
vineyard,
None upturneth the glebe with bull and the furrowing plow
share,
None with garden knife lets light thru the branches un-
brageous;
Senalid the rust creeps, up over plows forgotten of plow-
men

Bright is the palace, ay, thru far retreating recesses
Blazing for sheenbenigh of the opulent gold and the silver:
Ivory gleams on the thrones, great gobulets glint on the
tables
Glitters the spacious home made glad with imperial splen-
dor
Ay, but most, in the hall midmost..is the couch of the god-
dess.
Glorious, made of the tusks of the indian elephant polished,
Spread with a wonder of guilt empurpled with dye of the
sea shell.

Then when Thessalay's youth long had of the wonder
Their content, they can give place to the lords of Olympia,
As when zephyr awakes the recumbent billows of ocean,
Roughens the placid deep with eager breath of the morning,
Urges the waves and impels, to the thresh-hold of journey-
ing Pheobus,
They at first blown outward unroughly when dawn is aris-
ing
Lamb slow footed and loiter with loiter with laughter,
lightly splash
Till on horizon they flow refulgent of luminous purple,
So from the portal with draw-ing the palm Thessalian de-
parted
Faring in world wide ways to the far-off of their father,
Now when they were aloof drew nigh from Pelion's summit
Chiron bearing gifts from the copses and glades of the
woodland,
Gifts that the meadows yield: what flowers on Thessalis
mountains
Warming woos to the day, all such in bunches assorted,
Bore he: flattened with odors the whole house break into
laughter.
Come there next Peneus, abandoning verdurous temple
Temple embowered deep mid superimpendent forests.
Where now the gode had reclined limbs on ivory couches,

Viands many and rare were heaped on the banqueters
 tables,
 Whilst the decrepit sisters of Fate, their tottering bodies
 Solemnly swayed and rehearsed their soothfast vaticina-
 tion.
 Lo each tremulous frame was wrapped in a robe of a
 whiteness,
 While on ambrosial brows there rested fillets like snow-
 flakes.
 They, at a task eternal their hands religiously plying,
 Held in the left high, with wool enfolded a distaff.
 Delicate fibres wherefrom, drawn down, were shaped by
 the right hand,
 Shaped by fingers upturned, but the down turned thumb
 set awirling,
 Poised with perfected whorl, the industrious shaft of the
 spindle
 Still as they span, as they span, was the tooth kept nipping
 and smoothing
 And to the withered lips clung morsels of wool as they
 smoothed it.

Filaments erstwhile that stood from the twist of the sur-
 face.
 Close at their feet meantime were woven baskets of wicker
 Guarding the soft white balls of the wool resplendent with-
 in them.
 Thus then parting the strands these three with resonant
 voices
 Uttered in chant divine predestined sooth of the future
 Prophecy neither in time, nor yet in eternity shaken.

Thou that exaltest renown of thy name with the name of
 valor
 Bulwark Emathecen, blest above sires in the offspring
 of promise,
 Hear with thine ears this day what oracle falls from the
 sisters
 Chanting the facts for thee; but you your destiny drawing
 Spindles; hasten the threads of the destinies for the
 future.

Rideth the orb upon high that heralds boon unto bride-
 grooms....
 Hesperus cometh anon with propitious the virgin,
 Speedeth thy soul to subdue-submerge with love at the
 floodtide,
 Hasten, ye spindles and run, yea gallop, ye thread running
 spindles.

(Foot note Avid Metam 11,221-265-Calullua,
 LVIV Hygimus Feb. 14; Apollonius Rhodus Argon,
 1,558, Valerius Flaccus, Argon, Slatens Ashillerd.
 (2) Catallua LXIV Charles Miley Gayleys transla-
 tion)

And of the life which heroes lead
In such a glen on such a day,
On Pelion, on the grassy ground.
Chiron the aged centaur lay,
The Young Achilles standing by
The centaur taught him to explore
The mountains, where the glens are dry,
And the tired centaurs come to rest,
And where the soaking springs abound
And the straight ashes grow for spears,
And where the hill goats come to feed
And the sea eagles build their nests,
He showed him Phthia far away.
And said, "O boy I taught this lore
To Peleus, in the long distant years!"

He told him of the gods, the stars,
The tides, and then of mortal wars,
Before they reach the Elysian place,
And rest in the immortal mead;
And all the wisdom of his race.

At length I saw a lady within call
Stillter than chis'd marble standing there
A daughter of the gods divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
The starlike sorrow of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name
No one can be more wise than Destiny.
Many drew swords and died where I came
I brought calamity."

Of Paris Speaks Enore.

White breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved a leopard skin
Dropped from his shoulders, but his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a god's.
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam bow brightens,
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to brace him coming ere he came.

And at their feet the crocus break like fire
Violet amaracus, and asphodd,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overheard the wandering ivy and vine
This way and that in many a wild festoon,
Ran riot garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flowers thru and thru.

Great bard of Greece, whose ever during verse
All ages venerate, all tongues rehearse
Could blind idolatry be justly paid
To aught of mental power by man display'd,
To thee, thou sire of soul exalting song,
That boundless worship might to the belong.
Jove said and nodded with his shadowy brows;
Waved on the immortal head the ambrosia locks -
And all Olympus trembled at his nod.
His sumptuous palace halls were built
Deep down in ocean, golden glittering proof
Against decay of time.
He whose all conscious eyes the world behold,
The eternal thunderer sat enthroned in gold
High heaven, the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.

"O Father Jove, who rulest from the top
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august
Whichever of these twain have done thee wrong
Grant that the pass to Pluto's dwelling slain
While friendship and a faithful league are ours.

"O Jupiter, most mighty and august
Whoever first shall break these solemn oaths
So may their brains flow down upon the earth
Theirs and their children."

Jove was the father cloud compelling Jove,
Of Dardamus, by whom Dardanus first
Was peopled ere our sacred boy was built
On the great plain a populous town for men
Dwelt still upon the roots of Ida fresh,
With many springs.

For in the elder times, when truth and worth
Were still revered and cherished here on earth
The tenants of the sky would oft descend
To heroes spotless homes as friend to friend
There meet them face o face, and freely share
In all that stirred the hearts of mortals there.

Eris held within her hand contemptuously
The fruit of pure Hesperian gold that smelt ambrosially
So wishing Jupiter to ensnare
Proffered golden apple for the fairest of the fair.

This was cast upon the board
When all the full faced presence of the gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus, whereupon
Rose fend, with question unto whom twere due.

Jove dared to choose lest he encourage strife
In fair Olympus—spoiled innocent shepherd's life

By requiring of Paris husband of Chaste Enone,
To master the duty—which were once his own.
Said June, "Power and riches will I give
Thee Paris, if you let my beauty live
Minerva promised glory and renown in war
Paris smiling looked at Venus his prize star.
Said Venus, "Serve pompous goddess of love
And win in Greece the fairest dame that moves.

He consigned
To her fair hand the fruit, of burnished land;
And foam-born Venus gras'd the graceful meed,
Of war, of evil war, the quickening seed.

Thus speaks Enroe
"O happy heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth: how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die."

From Ids heights she saw the fleet depart
Wh'ch bore toward Greece the idol of her heart
Toward parting fleet Enore still did stare
Until she at last sent up this final prayer.

"O heavens, let thy jewel'd sun
Cease shining on my brow
Cause its resplendent rays to run
To other lands right now
Its rays tend to bring merriment
And fill sad hearts with glee.
But I am so filled with discontent
That naught brings joy to me.
Send them to the land o men
Where bliss and peace abide
Where damsels gambol now and then

Upon the mountain side.
A fairer dame with lighter heart
Than mine doth bid them there
So make them in a sudden dart
Answer in full my prayer.
I cannot face old horrid death
When upon my brow they shine
Nay, I can't taste the woeful breath
Until the rays recline.

Unknown I stand to half the world
Why should I stand without a pearl
Unlearned as well as poor
And hardships still endure.

TENNYSON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I saw a lady within call
Stillter than chisell'd marble standing there
A daughter of the gods divinely tall
And most divinely fair.

Helen were tempted o'e the ocean foam
By stranger whom she sheltered in her home,
Thus spake a shade.
"I was cut off from the hope in that said place
Which men call Aulis in those iron years
My father held his hand upon his face
I blinded with my tears.

"Still strove to speak, my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream, dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes
Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat
The clouds the temples wavered and the shores,
The bright death quivered at the victims throat
Touch'd and I knew no more,
"The wish'd for wind was given then revolv'd
The oracle upon the silent sea
And if no worthier led the way resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,
Mine the first blood that tinged the trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life.
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble:—haughty their array
Yet, of their number no one dares to die?
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred: but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

Upon the side
Of Hellespoint (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for she died;
That illumine walls were subject to their view
The trees tall summits withered at the sight
A constant interchange of growth and blight.

KEATS ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPEL HOMES

Much have I traveled in realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western island have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
Of one wide expanse have I been told, ..
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe it pure serene,
'Til I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the sky
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortes when with eagles eyes
He stared at the Pacific and all his men
Look'd at each other in a wild surmise
Silent upon a peak in Darian.

Helen, Grecian princess to Menelus wed
Among a thousand suitors his kingdom fled
To the fair plains of sweet Illyrium
Where abode the illustrious sons of Illium.

(Bryant Iliad)

To Antenor minister of Trojan covenant

(W. C. W. Supplement)

Were Diomedes and the wise Ulysses sent
By Menelaus that thru peace might restore
That matchless beauty of the Grecian shore.
For a thousand suitors for her hand had sworn
Such vengeance on the land where she was borne.
If dared to seize and bare her off
All would unite in arms' and lay his town
Level with the ground.
When they to Trojan capital were come
Was theirs the hospitality of Illyrium.

"But when Ulysses rose in thought profound

(Pope Iliad Bk. 3)

His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground,
As one unskilled or dumb he seemed to stand,
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his scepter'd hand: ..
But when he speaks, what elocution flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art
Mingling they fall and sink into the heart."

Hellenic ambassadors for home must sail (W. C. W. Sup-
plemented)

Ulysses eloquence was of no avail.
To King Priam, who loved his son,
The princely Paris who had folly won
The fair Helen whose beauty fair did light
The chisell'd statue of fair Aphrodite,
Brave chiefs of Greece secretly rejoice
To know their vows have given them no choice.
Palamedes did the wisdom of Ulysses match

Who sprinkled salt within his garden patch
Dressed with new garb seized from peddlers box
Ploughed in his field with horse yoked with ox
Til Palamedes before him dropped the babe
Which quietly in arms of its mother laid
Within the very pathway of ploughshare
Which mad Achilles used to escape war.

Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present and the future knew.
In Lycomedes Court dwells the Achilles fair
With face of maiden tall and debonair
When perfumes were shown, with half unsheathed sword
Peddlers viewing him announced his name
And told him quietly of why they came.
Learning their mission did he at once consent
To coin his countrymen charms, in heights of merriment.

Fully fifty ships beneath Achilles care
The Achains Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
The same their motion and the chief the same.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band
A hundred vessels in long order stand
And crowded nations wait his dread command,
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercised in arms;
These o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws.

In ninety sail from Pylos' coast
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host.
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled
Words, sweet as honey from lips dispell'd
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway,
Two ages over his native land he reigned
And now the example of the third remain'd.

With these appear the Salamanian bands
(Pope Illiad Bk. 2)

Whom the gigantic Telamon commands
In twelve black ships to troy they steer their course
And with the great Athenians join their force.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax, the less, Oileus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit and active in the fight.

Cretes hundred cities pour forth all her sons,

These marched, Idomeneus, beneath thy care.
Telemachus went up
The vessels side, but Pallas first embarked,
And at the stern sat down, while next to her
Telemachus was seated. Then the crew
Cast loose the fastenings and went all on board
And took their places on the lower seats,
While blue-eyed Pallas sent a favoring breeze,
A fresh wind from the West, that murmuring swept.

The dark blue main, Telemachus sent forth,
The word to wield the tackle; they obeyed
And raised the fir-tree mast and fitting it
Into its socket, bound it fast with cords.
And drew and spread with firmly twisted ropes
The shining sails on high. The steady wind
Swelled out the canvass in the midst; the ship
Moved on the dark sea roaring round the keel,
And swiftly through the waves she cleft her way.
My diamonds are the streaming tears
That poureth down like rain
My wishes are the rugged piers
That bear the bridge of pain.

Toward thee I lift my trembling hands
I vow to thee I pray
To die before I make a stand
In life another day.
O heaven let thy jewel'd sun
Upon me shine no more
For I have lost the happy one
Whom I do now adore.
O heaven hear my earnest prayer
Sun, hide behind a cloud
Until this dagger reaps its share
And in my breast has plough'd.
Enore in grief on Idas fair mountain stood
And as she wept the Sun seemed filled with blood.

PROLESILAUS THE BRAE

Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touched the Trojan shore
And died a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore,
There lies, far distant from his native plain,
And her sad consort beats her breast in vain.

"Thou knowst the Delphis oracle foretold
That the first Greek who toucht the Trojan strand
Should die, but me the throat could not withhold,
A generous cause a victim did demand,
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain,
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.

Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such fort was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew

From out the tree of him for whom she died,
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Illium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees tall summits withered at the sight.

Divine Aeneas brings the Darden race,
Archilochus and Achains divide
The warriors toils and combat by his side,
The Lycian forces were led by Sarpedon
A chief who let to Troy's beleagured wall
A host of heroes and outshines them all.

Ye sons of Greece in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your paeans sing
Hector is dead and Illion is no more."

For was Hector
The boast of Natsons the defense of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed
Her chief, her hero and almost her god.

And from the strand of Darden where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and heir ranks began
To break upon the galled shore and then
Retire again to meet greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois banks.

The tenth year of the war captured Chryses
Brought pestilence upon the sons of Greece.

Her father pleads
Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er
Safe to the plasure of your native shore,
But Oh! relieve a wretched parents pain,
And give Chryses to these arms again."
The aged Trojan with a heart of pain
Thus pleaded to Agamennon in vain
With brow declining like suns evening arys
Heavenward he looks and to Apollo prays.

"O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed.

Achilles bade Calcheas speak the final
Of oracle, to chief of grecian Lords.

"Thus in turn

I threaten thee, since Pheobus takes away
Chryses I will send her in my ships
And with my friends and coming to thy tent
Will bear away the fair cheeked maid, thy prize.

Brises, that thou know how far I stand
Above thee, and that other Clues may fear
To measure strength with me and drawing power.

Thus Achilles speaks....

"Tremendous oath, inviolate to kings
By this I swear: when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain

The aged Nestor with fast dimming eyes
Says when he sees Achilles lose his prize
"Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

Rising from that strife of words the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet,
To Eurybates, Talthylbius, Agemmon said
As if ye were a Hellenic God-head
"Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent
And take the fair Brises by the hand,
And bring her hither, If he yield her not
I shall come forth to claim her with a band
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.

Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered heavenly goddess sing
Thy wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign.
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain
Those limbs unburied on thenaked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vulture tore:
Since great Achilles and Artrides rove
Such was the soveriegn doom, and such the will of Jove

Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat
Sing, heavenly, Muse, that on the secret top
Of oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
That shepard who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and the Eerth
Rose out of chaos; or of Zion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloam's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God I thence
Invoke thy aid, to my advent'rous song.

Thus Thetes plead

O Jupiter my father, if among
The mortals I have ever given thee aid
Honor thy son whose life is doomed to end,
So soon, for Agamemmon king of men,
Hath done him shameful wrong:
Jeus that rolls the clouds of heaven
Her addressing answers then..
Moonstruck thou art even trowing; never I escape thy ken

Afer all it boots thee nothing, leaves me of thy heart the
less
So thou hast the worser bargain, what if I the fact confess?
It was done because I willed it, Hold thy place, my word
obey,
Lest if I come near, and on thee these unconquered hands
I lay,
All the gods that hold Olympus naught avail thee here
to-day

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feass and ambrosial and celestial song.
Apollo turned the lyre; the music round
With voice alternate aid the silvery sound
The Sceptered rulers lead; the following host,
Poured forth by thousands, darkens all the coast,
With deeper murmers and more hoarse alarm;
Along the region runs the deafening sound
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
So was the whole assembly swayed; they ran
With tumult to the ships! beneath their feet
Rose clouds of dust, each exorted each
To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.

Says Agamemmon
Warriors like you with strength and wisdom blest
By brave example should confirm the rest.
Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships and pour upon the plain.

Another day
The Trojan host moved on
With shouts and clang of arms, as when a cry
Of cranes is in the air, that fly South
From winter and its mighty breath of rain
Wing their way over ocean.

But silently the Greeks
Went forward, breathing their valor mindful still
To aid each other in the coming fray.
And round him one can only see as far
As one can hurl a stone, —such was the cloud
Of dust that from the warrior's trampling feet
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Menelaus felt
Great joy when Paris of godly form
Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak
His vengeance on the guilty one and straight
Sprung from his car to earth with all his arms.

But Paris:
As one who meets within a mountain glade
A serpent starts aside with sudden fright
And Takes the backward way with trembling limbs.

With Hector's just rebuke doth Paris
"Cause the Trojans and the Greeks
To pause from battle, while between host,
I and the warlike Menelaus strive
In single fight for Helen and her wealth.

Menelaus said:
Now hear me also, —me whose spirit feels
The wrong most keenly. I propose that now
The Greeks and Trojans separate reconcil'd
For greatly have ye suffered for the sake
Of this My quarrel, and the original fault
Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains
To perish, let him die; But let the rest
Be from this moment reconcil'd and part.

And aged Priam viewing
Helen standing by remarks:
"No crime of thine our present suffering draws,
Not thou, but heavens disposing will, the cause
The gods these armies and this fore employ
The hostile gods conspire the fate.

No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world at arms;
What winning graces! What majestic mien
She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.
Yet hence, O heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss—

Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies
Here will I dwell for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helen
Oh, thou art finer than evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter.
When he appeared to hapless Semele:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Priam inquires of her
"Who that
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful and almost divine?
"What is he whose arms lie scattered on the plain?
Broad is his breast and shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head,
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small
From rank to rank he moves and orders all.

The king then asked as yet the camp he viewed,
What chief is that with giant strength endued;
Whose brown shoulders and whose swelling chest,
And lofty statue far exceed the rest?

Paris withdrew
To Menelaus Pandoras arrow flew
Pallas assists and weakened in its force
Diverts the weapon from its destined course.
So from her babe when slumber seals his eye
The watchful mother wafts the envenomed fly.

Then Nestor
The cavalry with steeds and cars replaced
In front. A vast and valiant multitude
Of infantry he stationed in the rear,
To be the bulwark of the war. Between
He made the faint of spirit take their place,
To combat with the res.

Then he said
"Let no man too vain of horsemanship,
And trusting in his valor dare advance
Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy
Nor let him fall behind the rest to make
Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car
Can reach an enemy let him stand and strike,
With his long spear for tis the shewder way.

Pallas and Tythides Diomede
Gave strength and courage, that he might appear
Among the Achains greatly eminent,
And win a glorious name.

Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou
Achaias host from darkness; clear the skies,
Give day, and since thy sovereign will is such
Destruction with it; but oh give us day!

Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame
The circles gold of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heavens produce; and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd
The bossy waves of solid silver shone,
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne,
The car, behind an arching figure bore;
The bending concaves formed, an arch before,
Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold
And golden reins the immortal courses hold
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen fury around
Diomede drew
Whose threat surpassed the force of fifty tongues.

Said Agamemnon:
Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled,
That we may yet escape and get us hence;
Nor let the Trojans thus the destroy the Greeks.

Says famous archer:
"In an evil hour
I took my bow and quiver from the wall
And came to lead the Trojans for the sake of Hector.

Son of Tydeus strikes
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound.
And threats aloud the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

For that day
Saw many a Trojan slain and many a Greek
Stretched side by side upon the bloody field.
Hector is warned:
He admonished all
Duly to importune the gods in prayer,
For woe he said was near to many a one.

"Inflaming wine, penicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind
Hecuba looking in her fair husband's eyes
Deeply immersed in remorse and sorrow cries
"O let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death before
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away."

Hector replies.....

"O Jupiter and all ye deities
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
Among the Trojans eminent like me
And nobly rule te Illium.

The chief....

Beheld and moved with tender pitysmoothed
Her forehead gently with his hand and said
"Sorrow not thus beloved one for me.
No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.

He bore his spear,
Holding it in the middle and pressed back
The ranks of Trojans and they all sat down
And Agamemnon caused the well known greeks,
To sit down also.
The mighty Telamon before the Greeks arrayed
Sent right and left brave Trojans to the shades.

Alas the herald Idaeas doth command
In a loud voice to Greek and Trojan Band,
"Cease to contend dear friends in deadly fray
Ye both are loved by cloud compelling Jove
And both are great in war as all men know
The night is come be then the night obeyed.
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heaven enjoins it be the night obeyed
Between brave ajax to the Grecian friends,
And joy the nations, whom his arms defend,

But let us on this memorial day,
Exchange some gift: that Greece of Trojan may say
Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend,
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

Then they both departed—one
To join the Grecian host and one to meet
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see
Hector alive, unwounded and now safe
From the great might and irresistible arm
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope,
And Ajax also by the well armed Greeks
Exulting in his feat of arms was brought
To noble Agamemnon.

On the next day these cried:
"Send we the Argive Helen, back with all
Her treasures: let the sons of Alreus lead
The dame away; for now we wage the war
After our faith is broken and I deem
We cannot prosper till we make amends."

All wailing, silently they bore away
Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the pyre,
With aching hearts, and when they had consumed
The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy.
The nobly-armed Achians also heaped
Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile
With aching hearts, and when they had consumed
Their dead with fire, they sought their hallowed ships.

Spoke Poesidon.

Now will the fame
Of this their work go forth where-ever shines
The light of day and when men will quite forget
The wall which once we built, with toiling hands
Phoebus, Apollo and myself around
The city of renown Laomedon.

Jove willed,
This day the gods who dare to interfere with mortals
Must descend
Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth
With iron gates the threshold forged with brass
So high in hope they sat the whole night thru
In warlike lines, and many watchfires blazed.

Agamemnon on the morn in sorrow spoke
"I erred and I deny it not
That man indeed is equal to a host.
And sent his messengers for the brave Achilles.
Amused, at ease, the god-like man they found
Pleased with the harp harmonious sound
(The well wrought harp from conquered Thebae came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame)

With this she soothes his soul and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

Said he
"Twelve cities have I with my feet laid waste
And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown
Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.
Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave
He loitering in his fleet, received them all,
Few he distrusted and many kept.

The God Neptune
Yoked his swift and brazen-footed steeds
With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car
And put on golden mail and took his scourge
Wrought of fine gold, and climbed its chariot seat
And rode upon the wave..

Thus Juno speaks:
Now, Neptune, give the Greeks thy earnest aid
And though it be for a little space
While Jupiter yet slumbers let them win
the glory of the day for I have wrapt
His senses in a general lethargy.

Hector led
The van in rapid march, before him walked
Phoebus the terrible aegis in his hand
Dazzling bright within his shaggy fringe
By vulcan forged the great article
And given to Jupiter, with which to rout
Armies of men. With this hand he led

The assailants on.
On the blade of that long spear
The hero took them as they came and slew
In close encounter twelve before the fleet
In that scattered conflict of the chiefs
Each argive slew a warrior.

One speaks seeing brave Palroclus
Achilles friend, in his own armor fall.
"Hector thou art pursuing what thy fleet
Will never overtake, the steeds which draw
The Chariot of Achilles."

Said Glancus,
To him who from the field will drag and bring
The slain Patrochus to the Trojan knights
Compelling Ajax to give way to him.
I yield up half the spoil; the other half
I keep, and let his glory equal mine.

They of Illium strove
To drag it to the city, they of Greece

To bear it to a fleet.
Achilles filled with rage and disgust
Hears he sad news from Nestors' son Antilochus,
Of his friend Patrochus death,
And to his goddess mother in one breath
He sealed the fate of Hector.

Says he:

"No wish
Have I to live or to concern myself
In men's affairs, that Hector first
Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life and pay
The debt of vengeance for patrochus slain.

Says Thetus:

Goddess mother to her son
"Ah hen I see thee dying, see thee dead."
When Hector falls, thou diest.
Go thou to the trench and show thyself
To hem of Troy that haply smit with fear
They may desist from battle.

The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice
Were troubled and their steeds with flowing manes
Turned backward with the chariots, such the dread
Of coming slaughter.

Thrice o'er the trenches Achilles shouted: Thrice
The men of Troy and their allies
Fell in wild disorder.

Thetus returns

Like a falcon in her flight
Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow
She bore he shining armor Vulcan gave.

Then Achilles said:

"Here then my anger ends; let war succeed
And even as Greece has bleed
Now call the hosts and ry if in our sight
Troy shall dare to camp a sccond night."

z

Xanthus spake

"Not thru our crime, or slowness in our chance
Fell by Patrochus, but by heavenly force,
The bright far-shooting god that guilds the day
Confess'd we saw him, tore his arms away.

Achilles spoke

I know my fate to die to see no more
My much loved parents and my native shore
Enough—when heaven ordains I sink in night
Now perish Troy: and rushed to fight.

On seeing Hector

Achilles began to shout
Hound as thou art thou hast once escaped
Thy death for it was near
Again the hand
Of Phoebus rescues thee—I shall meet thee yet

And end thee utterly if any god
Favor me also. I will now pursue
And strike the other warrior down.

Thereafter men:

So plunged in Xanthus by Achilles force,
Roars the resounding seige with men and horse.
So Hector spake

"If ever I return, return I must
Glorious my countries fervor laid in dust,
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, fighting for her wall.
On field and one pursued—
A brave man fled, a brave followed close
And swiftly both, not for a common prize
A victim from the herd a bullock hide
Such as reward the fleet of foot they ran
The race was for the knightly Hector's life.

Whom brave Achilles slew
And dragged his massive body on the plain
By the will of Jove is the fair Achilles slain
By arrow of Paris.
The noblest Hellenes
Strove for his arms,
Ulysses winning the barve Ajax alarms,
Who falling in attempt to slay Ulysses wise,
And with these words on his good sword dies.
Come and look on me
O Death, O Death—and yet in yonder world
I shall dwell with thee, speak enough with thee;
And thee I call thy light of golden day,
Thou sun who drivest on thy glorious car,
Thee, for this last time never more again!
O light, O sacred land that was my home
O Salamis where stands my father's hearth
Thy glorious Athens with thy kindred race;
Ye streams and rivers here and Troy's plains
To you that fed my life I bid farewell;
This last, last word does Ajax speak to you.
All else I speak in Hades to the dead."

The Grecian then devise a wooden horse
Their fleet in Neptune's bosom is carried forth
The horse is left upon the plains of Troy
Which did the Trojan Laocoan enjoy
As he sprangly haply from the Trojan gates
Struck horse with spear and mocked the angered fates.
The troubled Trojans sailed upon the sea
And then returned to know of Destiny
What the fate of Illium might be.
Many yet adhere
To the ancient distaff to the bosom fixed
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk.
This was of old in no inglorious days

The mode of spinning when the Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beautiful nymph,
Too beautiful, Helen, no uncouthly gift.

That Nepenthes which the wife of Thine
In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this
Is life so friendly or so cool to thrust.

Thus Ulysses wanders
As one for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near a pale of Proserpine.
Calchus desired by Ulysses strategy
Was left to falsely explain the mystery
With wooden horse alive with Hellenes
Who carefully were watched by the divine
Lacoons children enwrapped with snakes
Bade Trojan take wooden horse within their gates
For sacred omen to the great divines
And to the fateful nymphs of Proserpine.

Vain —

The struggle; vain against the curling strait,
And gripe and deepening of the dragons grasp
The old man's clinch the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang and stifles gasp on gasp.
When wooden horse were carried in Trojan walls
At once the mighty Trojan city falls
For Greeks, from out the horses finely fought
While allied chiefs from returning vessels wrought
Utter destruction the fateful Troy
Queen Hecuba and Cassandra to Helen
Soon in the captive ships of Greece were seen.

Paris returns unscathed to fair Enore
And Menelaus takes back Helen his heart's own
Where that Aean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain
And only shadows of war, lovers pine,
As such an one was glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips and the large air again
So, gladly from the songs of modern speech
Men turn to see the stars and feel the free
Shrill winds beyond the close of heavy flowers;
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssean winds
Sip melodiously the music of Proserpine.

WANDERS ULYSSES ON THE ISLE OF AEAEA

If swine we be,—if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Perse make us swine indeed,
Well pleased on littered straw to lie supine,
Well pleased on mast and acorn shales to feed.
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;

But O merciful; O pitiless!
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed
To waste long days in yearning dumb distress
And memory of things gone and hopelessness.

Alas the drift to Calypsos Island.
A garden vine, luxuriant on all sides
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster lining
Profuse: four fountains of serenest lymph.
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side
Strayed all around and everywhere appeared.
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er,
With violets, it was a scene to fill
A god from heaven with wonder and delight.

Ulysses and his men in land of Phoenicians dwells
Amid her sweet perfumes and flowered dells.
The languid sunset, mother of roses
Lingers a light on the magic sea,
The wide fire flames, as a flower uncloses,
Heavy with odor and loose to the breeze
The red rose clouds, without law or leader,
Gather and float in the airy plain;
The nightengale sings to the dewy cedar
The cedar scatters its scent to the main.
The strange flower perfume turns to singing,
Heard afar over the moonlit seas
The sirens song grown faint in winging
Falls in scent on the cedar trees.

Deep in the woods as the twilight darkens
Glades are red with the scented fire;
Far in the dell the white maid harkens
Songs and sighs to her heart's desire.
Oydessey.

All have heard of the wreck of his raft
Caused by the dart of Apollo's shaft,
His escape by swimming, his relief by the princess
When the sweet melliferous warblings of the Sirens
commences.
The gods have lied to me,
When they foretold I should see Ithica.

Ulysses sees the bard.

Dear to the Muse
Who yet appointed him both good and ill
Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine.
Then his destiny released ,
Old Argus soon as he had lived to see
Ulysses in the twentieth year restored.

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Illion's lofty temples robed in fire
Illions falling, Rome arising,
Wars, and filial faith and Didos pyre.

Landscape lover, lord of language
More than he who sang the works and days
All the chosen corn of fancy
Flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Light among the vanish'd ages
Star that gildest yet this phantom shore:
Golden branch amid the shadows
King and realms that pass to rise no more.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished
And the Rome of freedom holds her place
I, from out the Northern Island
Sunder'd once from all the human race.
I salute the mantavano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the statliest measure
Ever molded by the lips of man.

SONG OF THE SE ADES

Here we come, here we come
Though we are a little troublesome
We have come but not to stay
To christen Ardels wedding day
With morning tears of silver dew
That do assume a golden hue
As upon our cheeks they sit
Inquirnig are the heavens wet.
With earnest tears of joy sublime
As into eternity hath flown from time
The subject of this little rhyme.

The hyacynth and vesper bell
Shed tears of dew for thee Ardel
The geranium and the rose of heath
Also weep to know thou wedded death.
The violet with outstretched arms
Bestows on thee her velvet charms
The verdent moss the running vine
O'er your sodded mausoleum doth climb
From whose summit doth windows peer,
Tended by the invidious maidens of the achen spear
From whose eyelids drippeth golden tears.

In reverence to thou Nonpareal
Whom the gods have called Ardel
The soothing breath of Aura's breeze
The shady leaves of Daphnes trees
The gorgeous light of the rising sun
Wain Bear and the Constellation Arion
Minerva Juno and fair Aphrodite
Doth thy pathway to the heavens light
As gentle Aura guides thee on Arethusas stream
And the golden rays of the heavens gleam

In thy fair shade in the land of dreams.

On that eventful day of June
The priest stabs her as she swoon
But by the will of the destinies
Dies hero from those coward lines.

Who views the maidens spirit mute
Mid harpies of the mygdauian lute
Brewing death in the maiden's eyes,
Disdains his cowardly hosts and cries
The fires that in my bosom rise
Can't be suppressed til death
Me earth no longer satisfies
Lest God returns her breath.

Vengeance upon that wicked priest
That blamed accursed knave
Who doubly wronged the poor deceased
And drove her to her grave.

Ring out sweet bells of heaven, ring
God may this saint be blest
Like other saints—as I, O king;
With her in heaven rest.

(Arch Gaus, standing before altar and addressing)
(Audience, Virtule lures, vortate securus, virtus sola)
(nobilitat, vincit inardeam incendit vires, arete)
(firtior, vivit post funera, est semper vundes)

Lives here a priest with soul so dumb
That ne'er into his heart has come,
This inference virtuous woman born
To guide aright the step of man
With both sweet love and friendships hand,
Was never made to scorn
Oh, lives here one with such a soul
That ne'er within his ear hath stole
The echo—to virtuous dame is given
Those qualities pure, true and chaste
Which tend to share the human race,
The brotherhood of heaven.
If such be found within our fold,

Save he who this dame's honor stole
Save he whose trembling sinews tell
He well deserves the curse of hell.

If any save this coward priest
Who triply wronged the poor deceased
Let him be tortured, scorned and shamed
Let him be accursed, debauched and blamed
Though titles entwine his honored name
And riches give him endless fame.

Though he be most profound in law
A towering diplomat of awe
Though nobly he in battle fought
Let him like carrion sink to naught
Let him be sneered at and despised.

Let each foul means which imps devise
Drop doubly hard upon his halls
And prythe when he to heaven calls
May vengeance from the king on high
Condemn with wrath the wretch to die
But ere the sturdy angel death
Comes to choke out his parting breath,
May earth refuse, her son a home
And when you die the dust a tomb
The reed its presence, the Sun its light
The Moon's soft rays which gleam at night
And prythe faith may a little star
Inform thee hell's gate stands ajar
To thee the breadt of evil fruit
Demured, debauched and destitute.

GUILTY PRIEST (A PRAYER)

Prythe all the joy Orpheus tones incited
Could not epress the billionth part of joy
My soul received when hers took flight to
Heaven, O child, O martyr, Saint, Heavenly angel,
Pilgrim in whom exists my aspirations.
Priceless, immortal, redeemed lamb of God.

A pure and noble life to give
A purer heart a cleaner mind
Virtue will help ye all to find
A higher purpose a nobler thought
Ye all may be led by virtue taught.

A higher moral, a prouder life
A truer husband, a purer wife
A nobler lad, a sweeter lassie,
A dearer prayer, a greater mass
A higher priest, a nobler nun
African, Anglo, Turk or Hun,
Than thou O virtue, can't be found,
Banner that ne'er hath swept the ground.

Priest:
Ripe wisdom seek O son of man
Do for education what you can
For the ripe fruit which wisdom gains
When gathered once fore'er remains.

Feast on it sons, with all your heart
Learn of its excellence, its art
Ah grasp that everlasting power
The garb, the trousseau of the hour

The force your being should employ
To assure your soul the fruit of joy
To show in boundless reach all good
In toils and pains beautitude.

Whom fate has marked to leave for my salvation thy sacred
tears which wash the throne of God, I foster the visage of
thy sanctity, in my heart, and hope thru thy tender mer-
cies my soul spending its last moment on earth will be wel-
come before thee and th celestial angels in the kingdom of
of my father.

Arch Gaus.

To virtuous and ennobling heights aspire
As ants let not thy efforts tire
For only through this wondrous plan
Can life build the more perfect man
Can men accomplish and attain
And tell the priceless worth of gain,
Measure a way by which to live.
Let in your darkened soul the light
Which makes the brightest day of night
Wisdom and power take forsooth
Nears cleanliness, godliness and truth.

So spake the three and to the shade
Were sent the eloquent three that played
With knaves around the maiden's heart
Who perished for the world of art
Thus from the historic muses nine
Was dropped the tale of Proserpine.

THE END

MARTYR AND MAN

Empires and kingdoms hail thy name
America's peerless star
Mountains and seas thy worth proclaim
Thou mighty man of war
The dewy eyes of precious dawn
Weep for thee Attucks alone
Thou livest still, though thou art gone,
To thine eternal home.

Each morning's breeze whispers its praise
To thou guardian of Liberty
The howling winds the heavens raise,
Crispus Attucks in praise of thee
Morn's sweet undaunted rising sun
The rosy tinted dawn
Resteth their glorious smiles upon
The pride of America's lawn.

When happy day bids man farewell
Birdies sing to sweet twilight

The white rose, red rose vesper belle
Ah too the lilly white,
Shed soft tears of midnight dew
For thou Nonpariel.

England itself doth sorely rue
The day thou said farewell
In every twinkling star that shines
Is shown thy peerless fame
The heavens proclaim the great Divine
Has written in blood thy name
For thou wert born to thy country fair
As well as thy mother dear
Thou rather sought death's sweet despair,
Than see reduced the vassalage here
The only fatherland to thee known,
Th only one loved and adored by thee.

The country of thine and mine own,
The sweet land of liberty
Soft is the muse, sweet the basoon
Which flows from heaven's lyre
Divine praise from the silver moon
Shower on thee like living fire.

The Isles of Brittany was shaken
When America thou freed
Thou shalt never be forsaken
For America's liberty first didst thou bleed
'Twas thou who clipped the only chord
By which England held us bound.
'Twas thou who never sheathed thy sword
'Til America's liberty was found.
As long as these United States
Of America, a Republic remain
So long shalt the undaunted fates
Sing the this soothing strain.

Long maintain old glory
Float on to victory
Keep thy banners waving
Both over land and sea
One whom thou wert enslaving
Gave to thee thy liberty
Enabled the old glory
To float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory
Float on to victory
He whom thou wert enslaving
Is marching on with thee
With his rich soul craving
To bleed as Attucks bled for thee,
Float on, float on old glory,
Float on to victory.

Long maintain old glory
Float on to victory
One who thou wert enslaving
Is marching on with thee,
On the book of time engraving
He loveth his liberty
Long maintain old glory,
Float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory,
Float on to victory
He who thou wert enslaving
Is marching on with thee
Thy pathway of prayers paving
As Attucks who died for thee
Float on, float on old glory,
Float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory
Banner ne'er fringe the soiled dust,
As thou floatest on to victory
Let Attucks not in thy memory rust.
Ah that noble lad of Boston
Who was formerly a slave
Trumpet it from every rostrum
Enabled thy banner fair to wave.

REFRAIN

Wave glory wave
O'er tomb of the brave
O'er land of the free
And the home of the brave.
Triumphantly unfurl o'er the great ocean wave
On land and sea wave glory wave.

SUNSET IN THE WEST

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep
The land where the cattle low,
The land where plateau rams climb the mountain steep
And bleat for the lambs below.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where mischevious North winds blow,
Oft blinding persons, horses, cattle and sheep,
With mists of the sand and the snow.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where Auras soft breezes blow,
And the timber wolves thru the forests leap,
At the hoofs a frightened roe.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where silvery gardens glow,

Where preys on the mountain sheep.
And the Lampkins sylvan rivulets flow.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep
Where meadows of clover are strewn
Where the mourning doves make the willows weep
As the giant oaks are hewn.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep
The land of the cavern and glen,
Where innocent women abundantly reap
The harvests of the noblest of men.
She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where wanders the misses nine,
Where the silvery clouds that heavenward peep
Do the towering mounts enshrine.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
The land of the golden grain
The land where the turtle and tortoise creep,
The land where the big bear Mose was slain.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where the Angelus ringeth so clear,
In the song birds notes that cleverly keep
The record of each day of the year.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,
Where travelers and huntsmen roam,
Where the shepherd dog bays while the ranchman sleeps
The vermin that would devastate his home.

She dwells in the land of the golden beam
With countenance like the fair Enone,
The land of the shepherd dog's master's dream,
The land of the midnight sun.

MY MOTTO.

He who from gulf to sea
Glides thru the endless air with boundless joy
In his leisure stroll has taught me
Perseverance is but the making of a boy.

BREEZE LAKE

I like to view the oracle
Flit thru the breezes rare,
I like to hear the butchers carol
Float on the morning air.

I like to hear canaries dirge,
Re-echo thro the glen,
I like to see the little birch
Enamored by the wren.

I like to view the cotton-tail,
Bathe in the sylvan pond,
I like to hear the nightingale,
Sing of her memories fond.

I like to view the ewe deloused,
At the sylvan waters brink,
When suddenly he is aroused
By the song of the bob-o-link.

I like to learn the bullfrogs croak,
As they dive in thy streams supine,
I like to view the giant oak,
That thy sylvan waters enshrine.

I like to view the wild ducks swim,
On the crest of thy sylvery waves,
And the mocking bird hopping from limb to limb,
Sing of Wright Hill cemeteries bemoaned graves.

I like to see the canvers glide
Tranquilly o'er thy pleasant, stream
I like to see good swimmers ride,
The waves with their loves young dream.

THE MIND

What compass hath the wondrous mind,
Upon our earthly soil
The earth and heavens both combined
Afford it ceaseless toil.

Who dares to e'er try to compass
The poles for its boundary,
When its immensity doth quite surpass,
The vastness of both sky and sea.

Literature stretched from zone to zone
And all earth's history
Of deed of nations in days bygone,
Cannot serve this mystery.

Why those who reign with tyranny
With wealth and might combined
Can neither by bribe nor anarchy,
Enslave their humblest subjects' mind.

THE AWAKENING.

Aura's sweet breeze on sweet midsummer nights
Rises in Africa's torrid clime amid the sprites
Of every race who since creation
Enslaved a nation.

And doth enquire of every sprite,
The authority of his past right

To expedite the transportation and freemen to lands beyond
the sea
To be introduced to chattel slavery.

Lest he seesfit to ravish the native lands,
And disperse the chieftains bands
To remote quarters and thus enthrone
A kingdom of his own.

Lashing with whips across bare hips,
The innocent blood of those whose eyelids drip
Salt tears each passing day of the year,
Thru trembling, pain and fear.

The Aura rises from mother earth divine,
And rides the clouds, with lightening for her lines,
And the four winds her steed
Bearing the message to the hearts that bleed.

Children of tribulation diverse arise,
To mountain heights and question the skies
..About man's dominion and man's place,
Among his brethren of the human race.

Man may inherit much of the earth's domain,
Liberty and riches yet his hopes are vain
And the heavens fair he can't appease
If humanity he drives on bended knees.

ION.

Wandering for years amid the pines,
Where the thick underbrush enthrones
A lad of seven
Begged of she whom he saw stand before
The threshold of his dear mother's door
To be forgiven.

For wandering to that lonely place
Where hers the only human face
Had shown for years
Because she chose to be alone
In the wilderness where lost Ion,
Spent seven years.

Wandering thru the forest wild,
With daring eyes, triumphant smile,
And brow aglow
With radiant light of unshorn truth
And sweet simplicity of youth
Mounted on a roe.

That bounded swiftly o'er the plain
Crossed and recrossed mount and lane
Valley and swamp,

Crushed underhoof the fenny snake,
Forded the brooklet and the lake
By the miners camp.
Onward thru the forest sped
The roe until his ankle bled
To woods unknown
Remember reader til this day
Is sung the sweet New England lay
Of lost Ion.

To fairyland hath mother fled
Tommie the little orphan said
I'll never bear
To have Ion's mother foster me
And with equal affection fondle she
Her rightful heir.
Nearly all my fondest hopes have flown,
From me hath little sister gone
My parents too
Come let me be thy mother child
O how I love to see thee smile
My Tommie drew.

Tears trickled softly o'er Tommie's cheek
He tried in vain but could not speak
The maiden said
Thine efforts Tom are not in vain,
Sayest thou a thousand times in pain
Thy mother's dead.

With sturdy look and mutual sigh
One gazed within the others eye
With discontent
The maiden dropped a little shy
Lest Tom discover in her eye
Much merriment
Stay let me roam the forest wild
I'll bring thee back thy sister child
Ere many moons.

With bowie knife of trusty steel
Courageous limb and heart of zeal
Lest she be slain
Fair damsel let a lantern burn
On yonder shelf until I return
With great alarms,
Your darling sister dear Ion
Who wandered into woods alone
Without fire arms.

Tom softly lifted up his eyes
Which seemed to light the azure skies
Then yelled Ion
A lifetime have I hid from thee
Now I'll leap into eternity
For thee alone.

So the damsel to Terry kin
With beaming smile and dimpled chin
 Strolled slowly by
Saying may heaven bless thee evermore
Who drove me from my mother's door
 Also I die.

The orphan sighed for lost Ion
Who to the mirthful shades were gone
 But without surprise recent
Doth keenly note in Brooklyn's growth
By allegiance to his race, by oath
 Is sworn to rise.

Jones stands as Brooklyn's beaming light
By him B. F. Washington,
Williams, Costly, Terry and Sandford on his right
Gree, Frizzell, Cork, Dorsey, West and Gaston,
Holliday, Baker, Hughes and Edmondson
Shoulder to shoulder join their array,
Evans and two other Washingtons
Follow their leaders gay.

Debow, Porter, Haste and Pdice,
Flippins, Dr. Arthur and Pap Gates,
Rule in the cause of right.

Thru counsel of this little band
Who do the people's will
Shall the new school for ages stand
In honor to them still.

They soon the streets of Lovejoy pave
By will of the people, counsel and Jones,
Whoever leads in panics grave
To victory Brooklyn's illustrious son.

So let us expect a library
And when the time is come
A Y. M. C. A., Market and laundry,
And an bank of our own.

If by the simple force of will,
Of vision of new church steeple,
A leader wise, can quickly instill
This thought among his people.

That those who wish and work as well
And occassianally dream
Can fourteen hundred dollars bring
Ono day upon the screen.

What could some few earnest men,
Mrs. Arthur, Bolden, Hunter, Tally, Jackson and Speed,
Toward Brooklyn's progress if all agree.

A copy of original letter I wrote Walter Speed, a lad then residing at 5615 Harper Street, Chicago, Ill. I then resided in Detroit, Mich. An epistle, and answer to a question relative to my heart's affection to some fair dame.

Did you ever lose a friend and you not why
Did you ever unexpectd meet a sad calamity,
Did you find yourself after the parting of the way
With a friend who was a friend in your bluest saddest day?
If ever you have had such experience my friend,
To me this trysting moment you your experience lend.

AN EPISTLE.

From the highlands of Buena Vista
To the gem of Britain's Isle
From the silver camp of aspen
To the fertile vale of Nile
From the rich fields of Oklohoma
To avenues of gay Paree
From the blue fields of Kentucky
To the lanes of Tennessee.
From the reaches of Roaring Fort Valley,
To the gardens of Hegerman Pass
From the heights of Mt. Sophris
Where the snowdrifts lie enmass
From the gateway of Western fortune
To Michigan's wreath of pines
From the canyon boulders of the Rockies
To the rugged Appenines.

From the gay city of Chicago
To the historic Mackinaw,
From the swift town of Grand Rapids
To busy bustling Saginaw
From the soft valleys of Brabant
To the jewel of Germany
From beautiful Salt Lake City
To the plains of Hungary.

From the groves of East St. Louis,
From Evansvill, Indiana
To beantiful Glenwood Springs.
From the quiet town of Windsor
To this progressive growing town,
May each a girl of affection
Some of whom you may know, be found.
Girls who have made me happy, friend
Yea, in happy days of yore,
T o answer sir your question then
The game of hearts I'll play no more.

A PLAY JAZZVILLE . (With Violin.)

Enter Julien of Louis (Julian plays)

The foliage of the birch tree,
The laced lawn entwines
The flowers of the gardtn
Are kissed by a love of mine
The snow ball and the lilac
The red and white rose too,
And e'en the proud geranium
Bows to the girl in blue.

That girl whose gallant charger's hoof
The laced lawn entwines
Who if she hears the lyrist play
Will be a girl of mine.

Love if you hear this lyrist play
You'll be a girl of mine
And love divine will soon combine,

The etc,.....

To blow a tune which oft was blown
From quiet quarters the pipers come
To where Diana's arrows oft have flown
And caused to bleed both deer and swan.
With them is brought sweet chimes of old.

Good friends list to their rhymes
For half their hymns great lays unfold
And teach of former times.
First are their lays of happy days
When Russia sang with glee
Last are their sad infestive lays
Of Russia's doful lea.

But good friends aught
Aught the pipers dare to blow
Of fortress or of man of war.
The humblest of mortals may know
As well as pirate, priest or Czar.
Our sovereign lord and earthly king
Quite in his teens, a daring brat
Ventured into a mystic ring
And ode was sung for that.

This daring Czar, then Vick the bold
Aroused his friends who many were
Sighting all sportsmen to the goal
Where oft was felt good Diana's spur
Thus while his heart beat wild and fast
And half his joy was sport
A charming belle and queenly lasse
Tripped idly in his court.

The Czar thus pleased with his young grace
To whom he lent his heart
To add more romance to his palace
Vouched for a human heart.
To fair Diana oft he prayed
Alas she heard his cries
And from the park where Diana stayed
Leaped Essie before his eyes.

As all the fates had lent him aid
As Essie oft he eyed
He and his pheere to heaven prayed
And praised her matchless pride.
At times his royal queen was out
But on a boating trip
Till her return without a doubt
He fed from Essie's lips.

This spooning thus becoming him
His servants more became
And through his jests and jolly whims
His serf became his dame.
Hence this happy, young, lustful youth
So relished o'er his game
That from the fates to him forsooth
Was lent the babe of fame
That babe the likeness of the child
Which Diana called his dream,
Was led by Fates to tame the wild
And charm the world as queen.

Friend by this time a clever youth born to a sphere of Tyre
Lent favor to the dainty sooth
Which bld like living fire
In time the trusty lasse was baned
When taught our sovereign art
Then two young chaps alone were deigned
To soothe our rulers heart.

Thus on and on day after day
These youths so lent him
That custom taught our lord the way
To bless their day of birth.

THE GOLDEN BEAM

They whom the walls of fame immortalize
The immortal Lincoln, Sumner, Lovejoy and good John
Brown,
And other martyrs to liberty's great antipathies,
Like Howard, Wilberforce, not now known to renown
And others still like Harriet Beecher Stowe
Lowell, and others not known to fame
Others whose sacred blood on plain did flow,
Who rallied in the cause of freedom's name.

The illustrious Sherman and the sagacious Grant,
With beaming spirits view their paramour
Whose jingoistic policies doth taunt
Those resistless shades yet wet with freedom's gore
Foster the cause of our own liberties.

Great spirits like that of brave L'Overture,
Which still doth move within the hearts of men
And other spirits sacred to freedom's cause so pure
Like Dunbar, Booker T. Wasington and Dessalines.

From summits in the sky the nations call
To judge within the balance the Negroes' fate
Who like the spirit of Lord Percival,
Towers above the Jingoos polished hate.

To prove he's paramour these sworn doctrines
Will be vouchsafed in these uncouth lines
As I by faithful oath to truth have sworn
That Lovejoy is the town where I was born.

Stretched on a nearly level plain
Lies the village of Lovejoy
On the south in narrow lane
Life, National City doth enjoy.

There Cahokia creek doth roll
From bluffs so high
There the nightingale's carol
Doth rent the sky.

There Black Bridge by birds enhanced
With might and main
Serves the Tri-cities as transit
To Brooklyn's plain.

There the world's richest village lies
Mastered by men wise and witty,
And no village 'neath the skies,
Can beat the boast of National City.

Three packing houses, stockyards and barns of mules
Requiring six thousand employees
Has but one church, one bank twenty-four houses, one school

Shepard and Evans are the chosen,
In their various business lines
C. T. Jones, Cramer, Lorimer and a dozen,
In its common destiny combines.

There often the laughter of Joe Clute,
And that of Shepard, Evans and Hunter too
Resemble the chimes of Mygdomian flue
As they unite with the boys in silent blue.

Among those few illustrious sons
Are two Negroes, both Brooklynites,
The sons of Madam Ellen M. Washington,
Chosen to watch the massive fortunes of the whites.

They were chosen by men both sagacious
Rulers of fortunes great
Within those minds no prejudice lies
With hearts too big for hate.

From Black Bridge (National City) doth street car run
Into the stately Brooklyn's fair confines,
Where character, honor and height of soul
With solemn charge of duty doth combine.

Here the song of Oriole,
Resoundeth in the glen
And religious rejoicing of the soul
Stirs in the hearts of men.

For as often as storm has come,
And O, however so nigh
Thru the guidance of the Holy One,
Has Brooklyn ever been passed by.

Prof. C. B. Jones is Brooklyn's Mayor
Former Oberlin student, a gifted seer,
Politician, educator and born orator,
His genius knows no living peer.

Our rich Mayor, will be a millionaire
Ere another decade passes from his ken
If that he is not now, to this genius rare
Will pave our street, give us a library—when

The hour is come, will build Y. M. C. A. ,
Encourage the institution of golf links,
Basket ball fetes, swimming pools, chaquetauquas gay,
Much real estate within our own town he owns
Wealthy whites pay rent in Urbana at mansion of C.B. Jones

This same man taught another who has seen
Same office of the former man save one
Was thrice Mayor of village twice has been
Tax collector, too, I think his name is B. F. Washington

Former teacher here and once the honored guest
Of other Mayors at the Jamestown Fair
There he addressed an assembly for our race interests
And gained the name of silver tongued orator.

Principal William Terry of Lovejoy School,
A beacon light among the village sons,
A politician, who knows the Golden Rule
Of politics adds lustre to the former ones.

Estelle M. Washington, Sanford, president of the choir
Of the F. C. B. C., is also the church's clerk,
And the chiefest of her heart's desire
Is to assist the pastor and church in their work.

Rev. James Gaines, F. C. B. C., pastor, deacon Sanford
trustee
Entered in counsel with other trustees, George Washington
and Douglas West
To establish a new church for now and posterity.

Pastor Gains fertile of brain
Visionary, eloquent speaker and determined leader,
Of causes right. A man which fame
Has made of action resolute, a constant reader.

Tis thru such people as these we honor
That Brooklyn now scaling mountain heights,
With true boquets of honest donor,
Which but reflect their wives lives as beacon lights.

Lovejoy, a town of scarcely three thousand people
With three churches. here deserves to be praised
While viewing in their minds new churches and a new
church steeple
One Sunday alone, fourteen hundred-fifty-two dollars raised.

Sanford's club alone raised six-hundred forty dollars
What then might you wish a village new
With lamp posts to illumine all during nocturnal hours,
Instead of swinging lamps. What might ye educators do,
You students, scholars, laborers and you business men
As well as village citizens who strive
To banish prejudice among foe and friend
And cause mankind to ever "Look and live."

The immortal saying of Burton Bracy, who
With six other deacons from Antioch withdrew,
Ere I was born, and founded with Caleb Washington and
Clem Reed
Calvin Ross, Norris Williams, Will Payne and Joseph Hart
Will Page and others, their wives likewise in counsel agreed
To establish a new church First C. B. B. C., with honest
hearts.

And though those men who were once pillars of Antioch
Who aided William West, Senior in its founding ere they
withdrew,
With righteous spirits thru streets of Brooklyn walk.
And these sister churches take on life anew.

The Methodist church also a beacon light
Reflects the life of Orchards, Speed Carpers and Vander-
burgs,
Gaston, Haynes and others who have taken to heaven flight,
And lights that still strive to Christianize our burg,

Like those of Rev. Smith the pastor of Church A. M. E.

An educator, leader, orator and beacon light
A humorist, poetic genius, champion of liberty
A mighty worker in the cause of right,
With followers like these the Dorseys and Hollidays,
The Debows, Frizzels, Speeds, Schulz and Corks,
The Springs, the Woods, the lady school teachers, the
Hemingways.

Another product of Lovejoy is William D. West,
Who has the bearing of a nobleman
He is civil service clerk, Grand Master of K. P., Supt. of
C. B. S. S.,
And always does his duty as best he can.

Mrs. Anna Dorsey the chorist of the A. M. E.,
Belongs also to that teachers line,
She fosters the cause of right, justice and liberty
And is president of Federation of Women's Social Clubs in
Brooklyn.

L. G. Costly, the man of the hour is a politician,
A barber, the Chief of Police and the people's friend
A student, humorist and a business man,
Who does every aid to administration lend.

We next will view Mrs. Hobson's beautiful home
Then we will speak of former citizens of Lovejoy gone,
The proprietor of the Poro College, Mrs. Malone,
Started her business in our little town.

Mr. Rhetta, botanist of Sumner High
Once lived in bliss beneath Lovejoy's skies.
The Williams of Alton, the Stewards of Edwardsville,
The Magees of Indianapolis and Myrtle Thomason,
The Singletons of Detroit and Collinsville,
The Browns of Pittsburgh, and Mitchell of Akron,
All business people of our town,
In other cities have won renown.

William Bracy and his wife Less, and Samuel Lindsay
Mrs. Mattie Butler and family too, Mr. William Gray,
The Jamisons, Lloyds, McDonalds and DelMays,
The Martin Lucases and Benjamin Lucases and Holliday.
Known to fortune and fame as well.

The Washington Brothers in business in Detroit, Michigan,
Martin, Howard, Cole, Smoots, Thomas and Alphonso Hunt,
Now business young men, mail clerks in Chicago lived in
Lovejoy once.

Beside the talented youth who yet remain,
To enjoy themselves with Brooklyn's debutantes
The school kids dare not lurk near lovers' bowers,
Lest they be taken to school by Mrs. Fannie Gowers.

Miss Nancy Valley whom you view enshrined with flowers,
Is a light in church, its most critical hours.
J. J. Dowling sons, (white), real estate men of Brooklyn,
Illinois,
St. Louis, Missouri and Kirkwood millionaires
Can trace their nest egg to a little Brooklyn store
Ever increasing which existed ere the wife of Post Dispatch
photographer.
Witnessed her sister as Queen of Veiled Prophet's Ball in
Coliseum.

Imagine the J. J. Dowling, Jr., the late millionaire
A few years younger fleeing from his home
Across the seas almost in despair
For a single kiss of the Blarney stone.

Imagine little John at St. Louis, Union Station,
Boarding a N. Y. Central for New York City,
Imagine him in the midst of every nation
In that great metropolis, struck with pity.

While wandering on West Street in New York,
About to board a steamer of the White Star Line.
Thinking of his father, J J. Dowling busy at work,
With the customers which little John left behind.

Imagine him again thinking of his parents dear,
And his many smiling customers and friends,
His brother Tom, his family, I can see the tear,
Which he dropped for us all in his cabin then.

I see the steamer down the Hudson glide,
By stately towers and Statue of Liberty,
Enlightening the universe, the Catskill Mountains hide
In distant woods as the steamer puts out to sea.

Along Staten Island past-famed Sandy Hook,
The steamer greets the mists of New Foundland,
And travelers who try to read a book
Are terror struck by the fog horn command.

The shadows of night come crowding on the earth
I see with parting lips and prayerful heart
Slowly climbing to his narrow berth
Until his eyes due past the view of earthen art.

The days pass on 'til alas the early dawn
With beautiful sunshine greets him with a smile,
The steamer is thru the giant causeway drawn
To the mainland of the Ireland past the Western Isle.

We view him next jaunting down St. Patrick Street,
In a jaunting car on Emerald Isle,
Looking here and there at the business men he meets,
After he had viewed the great Cathedral awhile.

Lovers seek fair lovers bowers,
Amid the bloom of choicest flowers,
Basketball players pour the wine,
To the baseball players with whom they dine.
The time canoeers o'er lakeside glide,
Launch canoes and o'er lake bosom slide

Lovers assemble on the lawn
Of some favorite child of dawn.
Medicine ball passers award the boquet
To the winning pair in the game of croquet.

Mothers busy with church affairs,
Put tots to bed with earnest prayers,
Sisters robed in garments white,
Hasten to greet their brothers knight.

The time Dionysius Club members meet
And think of enjoying some famous fete,
The time nymphs of Diana enjoy a ball,
Given by Jimmie Tickle Breeches or Johnnie Overalls.

The time musicians to evening practice go
Whether it be choir, orchestra or no,
Young folk assemble on the lawn,
To play the evening game of pawn.

Families sit out on their porches long
To view at ease the passing throng.
Happily trimmed in evening dress
Which would befit a school teacher's guest.

The time merrygirl and happy boy,
Make playgrounds shriek with outbursts of joy.
The time business men at banquets boast
Of politicians whom they toast.

Tis now we're boozing at the Inn
On Rock and Rye and Holland Gin,
Kirkwasher punch, brandy and Italian wine;
Favre Pousse, cafe and dry Champagne.

No thought is given of our home,
As we speak of the birth of ancient Rome.
We talk of Rhea Sylvanus life of dread,
Ere she was to a convent led
By a brother, a hostile tyrant bold
In the happy days of old.

Because he feared her heirs would reign,
Alive was she in mausoluem lain
And her two heirs, two infants born
Objects of hatred and scorn,
Alive were in the River Tibre thrown
But fate reached out to claim her own.

And Tibre raising with the tide
The twin babes on her bank did slide
Thus a female Lupin passing by
Hears her mate howl and the infants cry
Defies her mate who bade her come
And seeks the comfort of the sun.

The Lupin on her haunches sits,
And around her tail she twists.
Her eyes and nose point to the moon
To which she howls a mournful tune.

The fateful Lupin's mournful howl
Is intercepted only by the Panther's growl.
While other beasts are drawing nigh
To view their fate within the sky,
They see reflected in the stars,
The light of the mighty son of Mars,
And amid growls and leaps, howls and thrills,
Fearful flee the seven historic hills,
Which to this day is known as Rome.
Wise Cicero, sagacious Plato and brave Caesars home.

The good she-wolf on her belly crawls
And views two infants wrapped in shawls,
Fondles the suckling babes with almost human pride,
Because her new born babes have died.

The Lupin her mission with pride fulfills,
And rears the twins near the seven hills,
Who master the vulture and the beats,
And proudly with foster mother feast.
Til she retreats unseen from the earthly stage
Decrepid in spirit and bent in age.
Now Romulus and Rhemus warned by stars
Build a wall to please their father Mars.
Rhemus jests Romulus about the city walls
Romulus strikes and Rhemus falls,
And to symbolize the mighty warriors home
To the city he affixes the name of Rome.

We speak of Cisalpine Gaul trembling with fear
Neath C. Marius triumphant flame sword and spear
We speak of the Illian chieftian's untimely fall,
When Fabius Allobrogicus conquered Transalpine Gaul.
We speak of Ceasars tribute to Romulus' father Mars
By his conquest of Gaul during the Gallic wars.

Twixt drinks we pause, a damsel pours our wine
Our glasses assay this toast to Proserpine.
Let me behold thy laughing eyes,
Thy dimpled cheeks and chin,
And in my thirsty soul will rise
The best drink I e'er took in

I plucked thee once a jassamine

Lost to the world of care
Thy finger tips like eglantine
Mid sunshine and fresh air,
Banished the waning jassmine
And baned my feet despair.
So oft in solitude I pine
For thee my modern Proserpine.

The soft breeze moves the stately groves,
John Barleycorn whispers to those he loves
And as we pause twixt drinks of wine,
Unc Jno. Dun toasts to Proserpine.

Either strolling neath Daphnes hazel shade
Or couched near Bacchus vine
Either wandering in Diana's forest glade
Or immersed in a pool of wine.
Her presence is infinitely felt
To whom the muses sing
Whose voice since time beginning dwelt,
In river, brook and spring.

In every note the skylark sings
We hear her soothing chimes,
In stately palaces of the kings,
Is heard her memorizing rhymes.

Mid satellite and twinkling star,
Her beaming light we see,
Mid battle whoop and cries of war,
Is heard her minstrelsy.
Remember, ever remember youth
That while we drink this wine
Good Bacchus earnestly serves in truth
The fair nymph Proserpine.

The gods come flitting through the breeze
Simply the grace of Proserpine to please.
Pomona pours the **graces wine**
That Libre extracts from Dionysius' vine,
To Endymions carian cave serene
Descends the goddess fair Selene
Before Apollo fair Daphne flees
And hides herself mid laurel trees.

The Meriads, pleiades, satrys and fauns,
Before th e altar of Niobe throng
Physche and cupid pans delight
Bade Eurydice muse of Orpheus incite.
Methinks without the least mistake
We dreamed these dreams by breeze lake.

An honest man was Unc Jno Dun
Who always felt Pros-pi-medium
Says Unc Jno Dun in days bygone
I lived a mon revellous life my son.

I attended church in good religious faith
And tried to do what the good book saith,
When within my life entered a dame
Profound in music, known to fame,
Cultured, educated, loving and refined
A wonder to the modern mind.

The Barney Castle in the groves of Blarney,
Alas the Brooklyn pilgrim surveys,
Which King William III destroyed in the Battle of the
Boyne,
In the warlike bygone days.

Step by step he mounts the dungeon tower,
Christened by the ivy stains
Haunted by the most verdant flower
That yet enshrines Barney Castle remains.

There he greets a robust guide
Who tells him of stone set in the walls below,
In which cues to the world's fortune abide
And from which kiss good fortune flow.

With guides and friends holding little John's feet,
As he hangs from window above,
He kisses the Blarney stone, attracts those he meet
Either business, society, politics or love.

From the groves of Blarney to Bantry Bay,
From a coach o'er the mounts, "the beautiful lakes of
Killarney"
He visits the Lord Mayor of Dublin and brings his people
the news.

To prove the magic of the Blarney stone
Has given John insight, magic and genius rare,
With already rich possessions of his own,
J. J. Dowling, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo., and Brooklyn married
twice,

Girls that were millionaires
His father with his financial possessions,
And his mother together helped build up our town.

James Rollins, one of the wealthiest men in our town,
Does about one-fourth of Brooklyn own,
First Corinthian Baptist Church of Lovejoy, Illinois,
Will soon build a church for six-thousand dollars.
Antioch Baptist Church members and friends enjoy
Fifteen-hundred dollar benches thru her wittiest scholars.

The Methodist Church now undergoing repairs,
Has a new basement attached and raised floor.
Men and women wishing for bright futures are
At least occasionally found within some church door.
During the service if they live in Lovejoy
And wish the bliss of life to enjoy.

Son Glover, the entertainer at Camp Grant,
Does again the streets of Brooklyn haunt,
With his wierd jokes of times bygone
Spent in company with Clarence Burroughs and Amos
Martin,

William Allen, Carlos Cole, James Gower, Sip Hawkins
and Clyde Gaston,
John Epps, Smoots, Julian Arthur and Tobe Crittenden.

Our doctors are Dr. Earl Williams of Chicago U.,
And Dr. W. R. Arthur of Howard University,
Our business men not mentioned heretofore are E. L. Gates
Anthony Speed, Harry Shoemaker and Aunt Kate (Mrs.
Grider)

Mrs. Fannie Jackson, Rev. Hunter, and Jackson too,
Mr. Gambol, Rev. Bolden, Fletcher and Mr. Tobe Tally also.

The business young men of our town
Tobias Crittenden, Julian Arhur and Brown,
Allen Charleston, Glover Rhodes and Bernard Harris,
Orlin Gurdon, Alfred Moore, Jim Gower and Emory Morris,
Amos Martin, William Reynolds, Theodore Holliday,
John Epps, Moten, Fox, Henry Baker and Chas. Tredaway.
Holliday, Arthur, Baker, Cork, Cole, Boatner, Frizzel and
Sanford

Constitute Lovejoy's Schools village board,
Judge Jackson, storekeeper, is Police Magistrate
The Police Officers of Brooklyn number four
Are as records show up to this date,
Chief L. G. Costly, John Hoard, Rev. Peco and Marshall
Moore.

Wood may be ever found on sale,
Moten has the leading pressing shop in town
Fox the tailor's business has lately grown.

On one bright September morn
Was child of heaven newly born
Whose corpse now lay in mute sublimity
To these houses which bear close proximity
To the houses of the children of Calhoun McCoy
Who whisper musingly while playing lest they annoy
The spirit of that happy one.
Whom gentle spirit had lately moved upon
And borne beyond the ken of human destiny.

Into the sweet refreshing breath of eternity
The damsel of whom I speak with tears
Who spake me lately with voice of cherubim
While I toil here in future years,
May enjoy sweet companionship of seraphims.

Hazel Jackson was the name which she bore,
And a deathless smile this dame serenly wore.
Unmindful of those lines last night newly written

Come Hattie, let's go to the wake of Hazel said
Little Nephew Caleb who with celestial joy was smitten,
Cried aloud, O Hattie, I wish that I were dead.

Across the hallway in another room was hidden
I, the author of this untimely lay
Who divined the heavens had not forbidden
Me in still night view the splendor of the day,
As with me her celestial spirit sat
Young friend of Blanche and all and sister Hat,
While the moon with sweet content of night
Rolled in and out the clouds of white to its own.

Then the moon with silvery beams
And the sweetly smiling stars
With a brighter spirit gleams
Thru lighter clouds of silver bars,
Til the morn.

For an instant the azure sun rides
Beneath bespangled clouds of dew
Then shows in radiance—then it hides
Denies the world its purple hue.

Our pianists are Gaston, Gilliam, Allen, Hampton and West,
Miss Camille Washington, Miss McCleney and Miss Fannle
Speed, our best.

You ladies who have never lived in fair France
Nor viewed the Parisan Poriet, nor worn the gowns
Designed by him, cannot miss the chance
Of patronizing Moten, leading cleaning and pressing shop
in town.

You men who the best repairs on clothes appreciate
Who wish your old clothes to look like new
Patronize Moten, one of the finest tailors in the State
Who is willing to live, to clean and to dye for you.

Ere I wrote the muse of Proserpine
In counsel with a friend I sat
But when I touched the money line,
I found friend in mother and sister Hat.

My mother is Mrs. Ellen M. Washington,
Miss Hattie E. Washington is my sister's name,
Like the saintly Helois and the chaste Enore,
They both to my assistance came,
When the hours were filled in the midnight gloom,
And I stood staring at my father's tomb.

UNC JOHN DUN

Just about the time of night
Widows eat their little mite,

Misers don the overalls
Of farmer lads for evening balls,
Good folks attend the evening shows
The idle rich cease playing golf
Harvester no longer binds, stacks or mows,
Toilers seek their favorite bathing pools,
Students attend their evening schools.
Bachelors take their evening strolls,
Youths enjoy their evening games of pool,
Tennis players end their tournament.
Within their private cantonements,
Dope fiends smoke their favorite hops.
Home folks gossip in barbershops.

The time most yachting parties most enjoy
The agencies which Poseidon employs,
Damsels take their evening drives,
Past the places where their lovers live.
The time the young folks assemble at Jazzland,
To dance to the din of the new jazz band.

In dress a peerless A per se
In beauty just the girl for me.
But lo, one day a traveler came
And took from me that peerless dame.
Because he would a model make
Of she who caused my heart to ache.
Before she embraced the studio
Of modern Michael Angelo.
After that I married Kate
Of whom casually I mistreat of late,
By drinking bitter Italian wine
And quaffing my toast to Proserpine.

Before I became addicted to drink
I owned ten villages square I think
The fastest horses in our town
Were but the horses of my own.
On holidays I might be found
On Fred Vanderburgs old picnic ground,
As merry as a lark,
But now I sit browsing at Eagle's Park,
As if I lived a life of strife
Or as if I live a hermit's life.

These men who look on with shame
As if to curse my very name,
Before my abundance of wealth was gone
I may have given stock and home.
Son, when of those happy days I think,
I quaff my wine and begin to drink.
Love, not drink; grief, not fate
Caused Unc Jno Dun to charge his state.

He swells his goblet quaffs his wine

And fails to toast to Proserpine.
We speak of the makers of ancient history
Of the heroes of Illiad and Oddessy,
The travels of Eneas bold,
Of Appollo's arrow dipped in gold.
And when we to our senses come
We purchase brandy, kimble and rum
We witness not, the baseball game
For the bleachers are filled with fans of fame.
And we are not in a mood to stand
When strains like strains from San Susan's band
Vibrate untimely thru the breeze,
Which pompously blows the surrounding trees,
Or sounds like Blue's band martial strains
Sumptuously reach in the wooded lanes.

Where bulldog and monkey fight
Until monkey sets his club aright.
The bulldog and monkey both are seen
To roll upon the bowling green
Until monkey hath alas his will,
And bulldog is last seen bounding o'er Wright's Hill,
With monkey, who like jockey rides
And spurs the bulldog on his sides.
The wheel of fortune, the hoopala,
Add amusement to the chautauqua,
Boxing, wrestling, racing in canoes,
Swimming, dancing and fording sleughs,
Arching, vaulting and bull fighting,
To all concerned seemed quite exciting,
Potato racing, O'Grady and tag-o-war,
The fame of Brooklyn spreads afar.

To close the pleasures of the night,
Two little banty roosters fight,
The winning rooster with spurs of gold,
Is to the highest bidder sold.
And as the wily crowd doth dance
We homeward take our little jaunt.
We remember doctrines now of old
As toward John's faithful nag we stroll.

Strange sights in the waning night
May glare around the tombstone white,
As we near the cemetery, old thoughts lull
Where lingers yet the whip-poor-will,
Where owlets hoot and crickets screech,
May quite excite the heart of ach.
Lone traveler in the midnight gloom,
When shadows form and sprites assume.

When papers flitting through the air
Present to our imaginations a ghostly stare,
When oft we find a whitewashed post
To be the author of our ghost.

Tis now Unc Jno Dun thinks of home
Of the sage advice of Kate his crone
Who quarrels with him morn and noon
Because he spends his life in the saloon
Serving his master John Barleycorn,
From dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn.

Strange as it seems, 'tis true to life
For men to defy the wise counsel of true wife,
And for a moments joy must suffer an hour's pain
And for a day of pleasure lose a decade's gain.

Approaching showers and lightening gale
Inform us we'll have a muddy trail
From Eagle's Park to Dun's abode
Where I take leave my country road.
Whistling winds and thunder loud
Inform us Asmodens is loosed will all his crowd.
Twixt Eagle Park and old Wright's Hill
Stands the haunted old oil mill.
Where the old mill should have been
Van's old picnic ground is seen.
Fiddling Gilbert and blowing Dun
And Charlie Daniel's old string band,
With big bass fiddle and big bass horn
Clarinet, cornet and accordian,
Trombone, trap drum, small violin,
Guitar, banjo and mandolin,
Make music on the bowling green.

Unc John says I'm a student, son,
No common sprites can bother Dun.
As Dun speaks the nag leaps on
But around us still the spirits throng.

The string band plays, the spirits prance
And Puck recalls the sprites that cease to dance.
Monsters and dragons from realms of sleep
Hecate dispatches to the briny deep.
Olympus appears on mountain high,
Which canopies the very day,
And with the beaming eye of time,
We both toward Mount Olympus climb.

But as we approach the mount so steep
We're met my Morpheus the god of sleep,
Mysteries stranger than mysteries of Robinhood,
In the light of the Greek mythological creation stood.

In addition to the Club list of the National Association of Colored Women, will be added in a few instances the Y. W. C. A., Recreation Centers and Women's Federation of Social Clubs of America.

ALABAMA

Eufala Women's Club
Greensboro Women Mutual Benefit Club
Montgomery Sojourner Truth Club
Mt. Meigs Woman's Club
Tuskegee Woman's Club
Tuskegee-Notasulga Woman's Club
Birmingham Sojourner Truth Club
Ladies' Auxiliary Montgomery Tentames One
New Phyllis Wheatley Club under of organization, under
the caption of Miss Laura Withers of Montgomery, Ala.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock Branch of National Association of Woman's
Club
Young Ladies' Club under the presidency of Miss Flossie
Mae Macon, Gurdon, Arkansas
Young Girls' Club, under the presidency of Miss Bernice
Allen, Whelon Springs, Arkansas

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Women's Club
Mexico, California Young Ladies' Club, under the captain of
Mrs. Lucy Dorman, former wife of ex-Chief of Police of
Brooklyn, (Lovejoy,) Illinois

NORTH CAROLINA

Biddle University Club
Women's Federation of Social Clubs

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston Woman's League
Charleston W. C. T. U.

COLORADO

The Woman's League, Denver
The Young Ladies' Club

CONNETICUT

Rose of New England League, Norwich

DELEWARE

Ladies' Club, Wilmington, Delaware

FLORIDA

Jacksonville Woman's Christian Industrial and Protective
Union
The Phyllis Wheatley Chautauqua Circle, Jacksonville
The Afro-American Women's League, Jacksonville

GEORGIA

Atlanta Woman's Club
Harriet Beecher Stowe, Macon
Columbus Douglas Reading Circle
Augusta Woman's Protective Club
Women's Club of Athens

INDIANA

The Booker T. Washington Club, Logansport
The Young Ladies' Musical Club of Indianapolis under the
caption Misses Kathlyn Bradshaw and Mary Penik of
Manuel High.
The Young Women's Club, institutes by Miss Myrtle Thom-
son, formerly of Lovejoy, Ill., now residing in Indianapolis

ILLINOIS

Chicago, Ida B. Wells Club
Phyllis Wheatley Clubs—Chicago
Woman's Civic League, Chicago
Woman's Conference, Chicago
Wayman Circle, Chicago
Progressive Circle of King's Daughters, Chicago
Hyde Park Women's Club, Chicago
Northside Woman's Club, Chicago
Chicago Federation of Social Clubs, under the presidency
of Miss Maud Nevelle of Chicago
Peoria Woman's Club
Alton Federation of Social Clubs, Miss Wilma Moore
Lovejoy Federation of Social Clubs, Miss Anna Smoot
Dorsey
Lovejoy Women's Club, Mrs. Estella M. Sanford, Mrs. Ma-
ry Hill, president and secretary; Mrs. Hattie E. Wash-
ington, treasurer
Lovejoy Ladies' Club, under the caption of Mrs. Mary Ter-
ry, Mrs. Mary Baker and Miss Laura Smith
A Young Ladies' Club of Lovejoy also under the caption of
Misses Camille Washington, pianist; Mamie Darling,
pianist; the Channing sisters, Miss Fannie Speed, pianist
and others
Lovejoy Sewing Circle and Club, under caption of Mrs. El-
len M. Washington, president, Elizabeth Allison, treasur-
er.

KANSAS

Servia Leone Club
Woman's Club, Paola

KENTUCKY

Louisville Women's Improvement Club
Echstein Daisy Club, Cane Springs

LOUISIANA

Phyllis Wheatley Wheatley . . . imbfg fgw fg fgfgofgaa
Phyllis Wheatley Club, New Orleans

MASSACHUSETTS

Woman's Era Club, Boston
Lend A Hand Club, Boston
C. M. Thomas League, Boston
Calvary Circle, Boston

Woman's Loyal Union, New Bedford.
Women's Protective League, Salem
Golden Rule Club, Cambridge
B. T. Tanner Club, Chelsed.
St. Pierre Fuffin Club, New Bedford.

MINNESOTA

Ada Sweet Pioneer Club, Minneapolis.
Twin City Woman's Era Club, Minneapolis and St. Paul.
Woman's Loyal Union and John Brown Industrial Club.

MISSOURI

Madame Hale heads activities of Missouri Colored Women.
Jefferson City Woman's Club.
F. E. W. Harper League, St. Louis.

F. E. W. Harper League, St. Joseph.
St. Louis Suffrag Club.
St. Louis Married Ladies' Thimble Club.
Phyllis Wheatley Club—St. Louis.
St. Louis Woman's Club.
. W. C. A. Recreation Center.
Kansas City Club.
Self Improvement Club, St. Louis

MICHIGAN

The Detroit Willing Workers
Detroit Phyllis Wheatley Club
The Booker T. Washington Club, Lima
Grand Rapids Married Ladies' 19th Century Club.
The Sojourner Truth Improvement Club, Battle Creek
The Women's Federation Club, Ann Arbor.

NEW YORK

New York and Brooklyn Woman's Loyal Union.
Buffalo Woman's Club.
Harlem Women's Sympathetic Club.
Rochester Women's Club.
N. Y. and Brooklyn W. A. A. U.
Miss Esther E. Fulks, of N. Y. City, secretary of Y. W.
C. A. Recreation Center of East St. Louis, Ill., during
the Pageant and Mahque of the Colored people of East
St. Louis to be held on or about October 7, 1919, is doing
much for the advancement of humanity itself in her recent
work in Southern Illinois and Missouri.

NEBRASKA

Omaha Women's Club
Women's Improvement Club.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburg and Allegheney T. E. W. H. League
Women's Loyal Union, Pittsburg
Washington Young Woman's 20th Century Club.

OHIO

Toledo Woman's Club A. E. Columbus.
Y. W. C. A. Recreation Center, Akron, Secretary Lois Hardy
wife of Arnett Hardy, a young Brooklynite, who is music
instructor of orchestra in Akron, Ohio.

Portland, Oregon Federation of Social Clubs, Agnes I. Has-
sell, President.

The Dunbar Reading Club

The Akron Social Institution, is assisted by Mrs. William
Mitchell, wife of Wm. Mitchell, formerly of Lovejoy.

Young Ladies' Club, Chestina Owens, president.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport Woman's League
Providence Working Women's League
Lucy Thurman W. C. T. U., St. Paul
The Dunbar Reading Circle, Cleveland

TENNESSEE

Knoxville Women's Mutual Improvement Club
Memphis Coterie Migratory Assembly

Memphis Hook's School Association
Phyllis Wheatley, Nashville
Jackson Woman's Club
Jackson W. C. T. U.

TEXAS

Ft. Worth Phyllis Whatley Club.

VIRGINIA

Women's League of Roanoke
Richmond Women's League
Cappahoosic Gloucester A & L School
Urbana Club
Lynchburg Women's League

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington D. C. Ladies Auxiliary Committee
Washington D. C., Lucy Thurman W. C. T. U.
Woman's Protective Union

Mrs. Jessie Evans Jones, wife of B. F. Jones of Lovejoy a government employee of Washington is affiliated with the beneficial work done thru these unions and Mrs. Leana Frederick Moore, wife of a Mr. John Moore, formerly of this city is also an interested worker in the affairs of these social, protective and beneficent unions.

Others interested in the organizations from this locality who are helping to establish Y. W. C. A. centers in Washington as well as aiding in the formation of the Federation of Social Clubs are the Goodloes, former residents of our town, whose son brother Nathan was an honored hero in this recent war. The Adams friends of Debows in Lovejoy former Brooklynites and others.

WEST VIRGINIA.

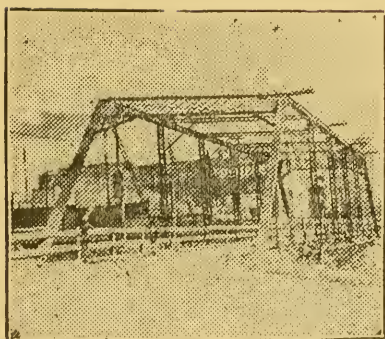
Wheeling Woman's Fortnightly Club, which does a great work through the influence of the Executive head and the brilliant Davis sisters as well as the influence of its brilliant members.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

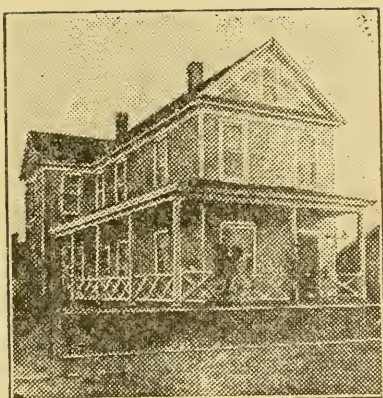
Q. Black Bridge entering Brooklyn limits and approaching City from East St. Louis, Illinois.

2. Mansion of Prof. C. B. Jones, in Urbana, Ohio former Oberlin student, present Mayor and Supervisor of Brooklyn Ill., Stites Township, St. Clair County, ex-deputy assessor and former principal of Lovejoy School, and real estate man of Brooklyn Ill., and Urbana Ohio.

(Reading from left to right) Mrs. C. B. Jones, Prof. C. B. Jones, Mr. Wm. Jones and Miss Jones. Prof. B. F. Washington, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, ex-assessor, ex-Tax Collector, ex-Village Clerk, former assistant principal of Lovejoy school present principal of School in Marion, Ill., real estate agent for Mr. James Rollins, one of the richest Colored men in Southern Illinois, and possessor of real estate in Marion Ill.



Black Bridge, Brooklyn, Illinois



Author's Home

4. Home of Mrs. Ellen M. Washington, mother of B. F. Washington and family and birth of Wm. C. Washington, author.
5. Prof. Wm. Terry, principal of Lovejoy School. Former village clerk and very progressive business man of this town
6. Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, Lovejoy Ill.
7. Home of Edward M. Green, Village Clerk and Notary Public, and his family. . . Proprietor of Business Men's Exchange Brooklyn, Illinois
8. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Lovejoy Ill., and employe of Armour Packing Co. ,National City.

Lighting the world with eternal bliss
Bringing joy to struggling men and sorrowing women
Lessening their burden with her kiss
Opening the eyes of mortals ever dimming
Idas listened as Appollo spoke
And wistfully he gazed on mountain peak
Wishing in woman pity to invoke
As he looked humbly as if he dared to speak
'Til again he chanc'd to view this beauty rare
Who amid gods and mortas was fairest of the fair.

Alas said he was she his early woe
For was she courted by infinity.
The lyrist of fair heaven his fair foe
Wished him an humble mock of destiny
Knowing his music dying her bright light
Which doth the fleeting hours of day illumine
When beauty parted in the silent night
In moonbeams will be reflected on his tomb
With parted lips she heard his high command.
Breathed timidly in the sweet atmosphere
Like damsel dreaming alas a human hand
Took in her own, the new Apollo Belvedere
Saying mortal life were quite devoid of bliss
'Mid those sorrows that human sorrows miss

When she finished speaking did Idas shriek
With untold joy, embraced her silently
And fair Apollo failing then to speak
Angrily joined sweet heaven's minstrelsy
Then in vain moved slowly, Marpessa's upward gaze
Surprised Apollo, with minstrelsy unseen
And from afar some of music plays
As away they wander into the evening green

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago
Whose slender hands were nothing worth
Whether to plow or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some cords and drew
Music that made men's bosom swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough
And yet he used them so
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet unwittingly in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things,
Did teach him all their use
For in mere weeds and stones and springs
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech were wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone
And even his memory dim
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod
Till after-poets only knew
Their first born brother as a god.

As maiden sings she meets this destiny
In camp of foe near the Aegean sea
Upon a mountain with joy innermost
She finds herself with Alien host
Who feigning calls the dame a spy

And tells her lest she amuse the host, she die
 There (NOW) or in No Man's Land with Allied Friends
 Thus to amuse she this endless tale she begins
 (Hostages demand of her ceaseless lore,
 Lest she see her home and friends no more.)
 To please the host this endless tale begins
 Which has beginning but without end.
 Olympus fair the palace of the gods,
 Trembles with fear whenever says and nods,
 With His shadowy brows and the ambrosial locks,
 Fanned on the Immortal Head the kingdom of Vulcan rocks,
 And the firmament is martialled by mighty Mars,
 Lest the gods themselves flee the Kingdom of the Stars,
 For Jove, the god of lightning and thunderbolt
 Rumbles his feet amid the lightning volts
 Sits on Olympus Golden Throne as King of the Gods
 And rules the universe with meaning Nods
 The thunderbolt is held in Jove's right hand
 To enforce the will of his Most High Command,
 Phoebus Appollo, Jove's most honored son,
 The great Olympian Divinity of the Sun
 Watched by the star gilt hours patiently
 Environed by Luna's moonlight tapestry.
 Lies on a couch studded by diamonds rare
 Dreaming of Nymphs adored by maidens fair
 Until the gray dawn does banish his content
 With her trumpet calling the children of the Firmament.
 Advising Appollo that Luna fair has fled,
 Appollo within the twinkling of an eye
 Ariseth to charter his sun car in the sky
 As he becomes master of the firmament
 Quietly thinks he of those past events
 The fair Nymph Procris did Cephalus love
 Throughout the Spring but good Cephalus bent
 On other things failed to wed Procris til June
 Fell on the happy pair with sweet content,
 Who danced together in heights of merriment,
 Til suddenly his heart was torn away,
 From that fair creature of the Orient,
 And at the very beginning of the day,
 Cephalus the huntsman sought in vain to slay,
 The hart in the remote regions of the Sun,
 Were Diana's Nymph served her Priestess Nun.
 The Nymphs of Diana tall and debonaire
 Wear combs of diamonds to beautify their hair
 And gird their loins with belts like living fire,
 And when they smile Myriads light,
 Rivals the majesty of Helicon,
 Their pearly teeth like guards of Aphrodite,
 Doth quite enshrine their gifted siren tongue,
 But out fair damsel of the golden sun
 Sunkissed, Gifted, adored but unadorned
 Virtuous innocent by the muses blest,
 The sweetest damsel that was ever born,
 Is of sterner metal than contains the mould,
 Of diamond, opal, malchite pearl or gold.
 With ebony locks waving in the breeze,

And panting heart excited by the chase,
Procris cunningly hides near a hive of bees
To steal a glimpse of her lover in the race
With swift heart that bounded on amain,
Unquered by her almost certain spear
And the swift arrows thru the vineyard flew,
All amiss....but lo she bears the voice,
Of some strange voice, and thus untimely drew,
His bow let fly in the direction of the noise,
Of rustling leaves where momentarily enjoys
A glance of Cephalus, whom he loved true,
Though morally wounded by the speeded dart,
Which drew the life blood from her swooning heart
On went Cephalus after the fleeting heart,
With lean Laconion hounds quick of pace,
But mid the hyacinthus his loving heart,
The fair Nymph Procris, Heavenward turned her face,
And Petals from the Tyrian flowers falls,
Upon her bleeding heart thru which blood drips.

Like soft rain drops which of outer walls,
Of upper decks of great gigantic ships
After a shower has graced the foamy lips,
Of ocean, alas fair Procris dies,
Lelaps swift hounds alone, view her as she sips
With Ceres and he trembles as he lies
Mute till the dawn when woodmen do espy,
He lying mute covered with dewy tears
Then bending gently o'er graceful form,
They bear her to a sea upon a bir,
To be tended by the Invidious maidens of the ashen sphere,
Then Phoebus Apollo laying on ocean foam,
His Parnassian robe, charts his fiery car,
Whose spokes casts beams from heaven's Celistial Domes,
On mountains near in canyon spread afar,
His fiery car does the snow capped clouds inflame,
The atmosphere environs his horses'mane.
The verdant Morrass reflects the Apollos smile,
His chariot wheels casts sunbeams o'er the plain,
And Oriole sings to him all the while,
His muse is used to banish mortals' pain

He guilds the cloud the rainbow, flower and leaf,
And with bright ray banes the saddest homes of grief,
To Luna Apollo lends a pleasant smile
Who invites the stars to banquet with her o' nights,
Amid the meteors and the Satellites,
To lights which do Olympians fair alone,

ILLUME

Without The Sun God's aid were lost in midnight gloom.
At noon Apollo at the very summit of heaven's dome
Looks down on arth then wih a certain poise,
Dashes down he mountain steep to Neptune's home,
Where Thetis with her Sirens fair rejoice,

To view Apollo with his soothing smile,
With which he greets them from the western Isle.
Son of Jupiter and Juno, the warrior Mars,
An Insatiable warrior of the heroic age,
Impelled by rage and lust of violence in wars,
Untimely leaps up to Olympus with rage,
Against Minerva and Juno whom he defies,
Who do in turn the hated Mars despise.
Offsprings of a fury and the fleet north winds,
Ofttimes draw his chariot in most bloody wars,
His four sons, terror trembling and fear combine,
Against common enemy fights for father Mars.
The dreadful scourge of mortal, lover of strife,
A true admirer of youthful departing life
Juno, he fair, wife of mighty Jove
Was ever jealous of her husband's love,
Venus the goddess, attended by the hours,
Forever lingers near some lovers' bowers.
From our low earth no Gods have taken wings
Even now upon our hills the twain are wandering,
Th Medicikines sly and servile grace,
And the Immortal beauty of the race
One is the spirit of all short lived
And outward earthly loveliness
The tremulous rosy morn is her mouths smile,

The sky her laughing azure eyes above
And waiting for caresses,
Lie bare the soft hill slopes the wile
Her thrilling voice is heard
In song of wind and wave and every flitting bird,
Not plainly never quite herself she shows,
Not swift glance of her illumined smile,
Along the landscape goes,
Just a soft hint of singing to beguile,
A man from all his toils,
Some banished Glean of beckoning arm to spoil
A morning's task with longing wild and vain,
Then if across the parching plain,
To seek her she with passion burns,
His heart to fever, and to hear
The West winds mocking laughter when he turns,
Shivering in midst of Ocean's sullen tears,
It is the Medickine well I know,
The arts her ancient subtilty will know,
The stubble field she turns to ruddy gold,
The empty distance she will fold—with
In purple Guaze the warm glow she has kissed,
Along the chilling mist,
Cheating and cheated love that grows to hate,
And ever deeper soon or late,
Thou too, O fairer Spirit, walkest here upon the lifted hills
Wherever that still thought within the breast,
The innerr beauty of the world hath moved,
In starlight that the doom of evening fills

One endless water surrounding to the West,
For them at thrub that beauties I have loved
The soul of all things beauties I have loved
The soul of all things beautiful the best
For lying broad awake, long ere the dawn
Staring against the dark the blank of space,
Opens immeasurably and thy face,
Wavers and glimmers there and is withdrawn,
And many days when all one's work is vain
And life grows stretching on a waste gray plain,
With ever the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh,
Where a weary man might lay him down,
Lo thou art there before me suddenly,
With shade as if a Summer cloud did pass
And spray of fountains whispering to the grass,
O save me from the haste and moist and heat,
That spoils life's music sweet,
And even from that lesser Aphrodite there
Even now she stands,
Close as I turn and O my soul how fair!
Minerva Goddess of wisdom stood,
On Mount Olympus and spilled the Typhoon's blood,
At the sweet beginning of Spring,
The Nymphs of Proserpine, to sing.
Within a forest as I strayed,
Far down a sombre Autumn glade,
I found the God of Love.
His bow and his arrows east aside
His lovely arms extended wide,
A depth of leaves above,
Beneath o'er arching bows he made,
A place for sleep in russet shade,
His lips more red than any rose,
Were like a flower that overflows,
With honey pure and sweet.

And clustering around that holy mouth,
The golden bees in eager drouth,
Plied busy wings and feet,
All these their mirth and pleasure made
Within the plain Elysian,
The fairest meadow that may be
With all green fragrant trees for shade,
And every scented wind to fan
And sweetest flowers to strew the lea,
The soft winds are their servant's feet
To fetch them every fruit at will
And water from the river chill,
And every bird that singeth sweet,
Throstle and merle and nightengale,
Brings blossoms from the dewy vale,
Lily and rose and Asphodel
With these do each guest twine his crown,
And wreath his cup and lay him down,
Beside some friend he loveth well."

From her blissful seat in heaven Esmele,
Speaks of being courted by Diety.
What were the garden bowers off thebes to me?
The Greek out mocked me because I shunned in scorn,
Them and their praises of my brow and hair,
The light girls pointed after me who turned
Soul sick from their unending forgeries.

There came a chance a glory fell to me,
New life sprung from the presence of a voice,
That scarce could curb itself to the cool Greek
Now and on swept forth in those deep nights,
Thrilling my flesh with awe mysterious words,
I knew not what hints of unearthly things,
That I had felt on solemn Summer noons,
When sleeing earth dreamed Music and the Heart
Went crooning a new song it could not learn,
But wandered over it was one who gropes,
For a forgotten chord upon the Lyre.
Yea Jupiter! "but why this mortal guise,
Wooring as if he were a milk-faced boy?
Did I lack lovers? Was my beauty dulled,
The golden hiar turned dross, the lithe limbs shrunk,
The deathless longing tamed, that I should soothe,
My soul in love like any shepard girl?
One night he sware to grant whatever I asked
And strait, I cried to know thee as thou art,
To hold me on thy heart as Juno does,
Come in thy thunder—kill me with one fierce embrace,
Divine embrace—Thine oath now earth at last.

The heavens shot one sheet of lurid flames,
The world crashed from a body scathed and torn,
The soul leapt thru and found his breast and died,
Died, so the Theban maidens think, and laugh,
Saying that had her wish that Semele,
But sitting here upon Olympus heights,
I look down thru that oval ring of stars,
And see the far off earths a twinkling speck,
Dust note whirled up from the Sun's chariot wheels,
And pity their small hearts that hold a man
As if he were a god; or know the god,
Or dare to know him only as a man,
Human love art thou forever blind?

Europa Princess of Asia Daughter of Agenor,
King of Phonecia was blessed with a sweet dream
Sent by Cypris who sat gazing in the stars,
By whose din lights two continents were seen
At strife for her sake, Asia and the farther shore,
Both in the shape of women with fierce eyes
Of these two one was native of the Moor
The other seemed to bear a stranger guise,
One softly spoke of how she once did nurse,
The happy maidens in happy days by gone,
The voice of ages bearing Jove did burst,

The happy news that her dominion
O'er the fairest of the fair in his will lies
She learns Europa was destined to be her prize,
But Eunropa from her couch in terror leaped
With beating heart, for the clear vision she beheld the dream
And thru the crevice of her cave peeped
Toward the region of Jupiter with conscience clean,
And prayed the gods their promise to fulfill,
Therewith she arose and sought the youthful dames,
Of her own age and told them heaven's will
As they arranged some new Olympic games,
The youthful damsels thru flowery meadows ran,
Gathering flowers and singing to Universal Pan.

The sweet breasted narcissus was plucked by some,
Others the myacynthus and the rose of heath,
Some the violet, the creeping thyme and geranium
And laurels from the Daphne's favorite trees,
Were emously gathered mid the fragrant plant,
Of cinnamon and flowers of sweet perfume,
That frequently doth the fragrant meadow haunt,
Which noble sires, themselves the gardens cultivate,
For their favorite daughters of presumptuous fate,
Some gather the fragrant tresses of the yellow crocus rare
Some gather fragrant lilies on the leas,
Where bathe each morn with maidens the princess fair,
And the budded Tyrian which the Princess chose,
Shone more resplendent than the crimson rose.

When the Son of Cronus beheld Europa fair,
The shafts of Cypris did his heart subdue,
Who like the foam born Goddess of Golden hair,
Bewitched mighty Jove, who toward Europa drew,
Bullshaped the favored Princess eager to beguile,
And to avoid Juno's perceiving eye,
With concealed godhead and undeceiving smile
Unto the shadow came the maiden unterrified,
Said let us journey to the Western Isle,
On this fair bull whom Europa fair caressed,
Then he lowed gently and every maiden swore,
The Mygdonian flute on the isle of the blest,
Uttered a Dulcett sound from the strange shore,
Where Zephyrus winds continue to chase the boar,
He bowed himself quite gently before her feet,
And bending his neck on Europa he gazed.
And showed her his broad back with velvet seat,
Were meant for her alone her maidens amazed,
Were wont to stand aloof but Europa cried,
Come with us dear playmates, maidens of like age,
Let us mount the bull here and take a pleasant ride,
Across the ocean to a lion's cage,
Whom destiny oft yokes with a fleet boar,
That did the dieties of Olympus fair enrage,
As thru the firmament they race o'er and o'er,
Driven by lesser divinities of arthly shore,
The princess garbed in her richest attire,

Beckoned her maidens but up leaped the bull,
 And sped to the deep—for the Princess of his desire,
 In richest garb did he posses in full,
 The princess to her maidens called in vain,
 And stretching out her hands to playmates dear,
 As the swift bull which bounded on again,
 With parting glance could scarce forbear a tear,
 For those for whom she parted on the plain,
 The strand he gained and forward like dolphin sped,
 Faring with unwetted hoofs over the wide sea waves,
 The sea grew smooth as on the swift bull fled,
 And around Joves' feet, gambled sea monsters of dread,
 The Dolphin rejoiced and rising from the deeps,
 Tumbled on the swell of the sea the Neriads arose,
 Out of salt waters on the backs of beasts,
 In orderly array as thunder shaker of the world bestowed
 On the whole sea a calm made smooth the wave,
 As he appeared above the foamy sea
 Trumpeter of the deep the Tritens brave,
 Blowed from their long couches a bridal melody,
 Meanwhile Europa riding on back of Bull Divine,
 With one hand clasps the beast's great horn,
 And with the other the purple folds of her gown entwines,
 Around her lest the sea foam newly born
 Which does the infinite fate spray of light enshrine,
 While her deep robe is swelled out by the wind,
 But when far off from her own country she saw,
 Neither seat be at the adland nor a hilltop steep
 Nor could she to her sweet attention draw,
 A single creature from the limitless deep,
 Whither bearest thou me bull god? and what art thou?
 How farest thou—Godlike are the deeds of thine,
 The surging waves of the sea do onward flow
 And bare to and fro fleet ships that do traverse the brine,
 What god art thou these marvels to bestow
 Upon the sea a calm at sea where shalt thou find,
 Food and what drink strange god is sweet to thee,
 She spake and horned bull said, maiden mine,
 Speakest thou to the King of the Divine,
 The fair bull's form I took on love for thee,
 For I can put on the semblance of what thing I will,
 In the bull's shape so great a space of salt sea,
 My foster mother's home will I in love grant thee,
 According to tradition from this fair princess of fame,
 The Continent of Europe gladly acquired,
 Phoebus sitting one day in laurel trees shade,
 Was reminded of Daphne of whom it was made,
 For the god being one day to warm in his wooing
 She took to the tree to escape his pursuing,
 Be the cause what it might from its offerers he shrunk,
 And Gernerva like to shut herself up in a trunk,
 And though twas a step into which he had driven her
 Her memory he nursed as a kind of tonic,
 Something bitter to chew when he played the Byronic,
 And I can't count the obstinate Nymphs that he had brought

over

By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her,
My case is like Didos he sometimes remarked,
"When I first met my love she was fairly embarked,
In laurels as she thought, but ah. how fate
She has found in it by this time a very bad box,
Let hunters take from me this saw when they need it—
You are not always sure of your game when you have treed
it,

Just conceive of a change taking place with one's mistress,
What romance would be left? who can flatter or kiss trees?
And for mercy sake how could one keep up a dialogue,
With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die like a
log,

Not to say that the thoughts would forever intrude,
You have the less chance to win her the more she is wooed
Ah! it went to my heart and my memory still grieves
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves,
Those charms beyond speech so enchanting, but now,
As they left me forever each making its bough
If her tongue had a tangle sometimes more than was right,
Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite,

Phoebus Apollo—do the heavens move
With Paphos as he plays upon his lyre,
To fair Marpessa who declines his love,
With mortal sweetness, with mortal desire,
Idas, the giant of the universe
In the winged chariot of Poseidon,
Carried off Marpessa to satisfy his thirst,
For her love and for her possession,
Father Evenus vainly tried Idas to slay,
Who with Marpessa fled the Evening Star,
Alas, Apollo found them in happy Messene,
And Jupiter viewing the combat from afar,
Saw swift Apollo wrest the maid away,
Separated them and bade the three to stay,
The King of Heaven said she must decide,
Enwrapt with glory in three together stood,
In balmy atmosphere on the one side,
Apollo kissed by the Zephyrus in the silent wood,
And on the other Idas with manly form,
And fair Marpessa smiling stood between,
The two after as sweet rose after a thunderstorm,
Accompanied by rainfall by mother earth so green,
So from the falling from sweet Felicity,
Doth her mortal beauty glow,
As she poses in delicious ecstasy,
Wounded by Cupid's silver arrow,
Says Apollo, "Come! come with me where convention is
ecstasy

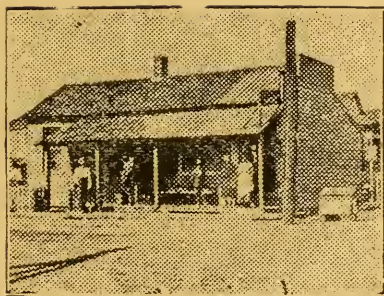
Where thrilling dares admit the bumble bee,
He tells her ceaseless joy above the universe
Should she undying never sorrow
Never know another curse
Dispelling ever shadowy visions of tomorrow.



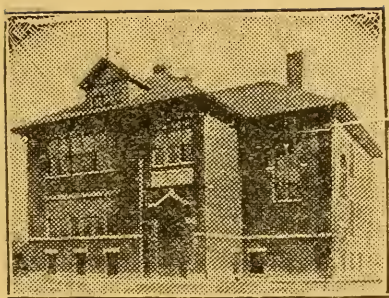
Prof. Wm. Terry, Principal of Lovejoy School, Brooklyn







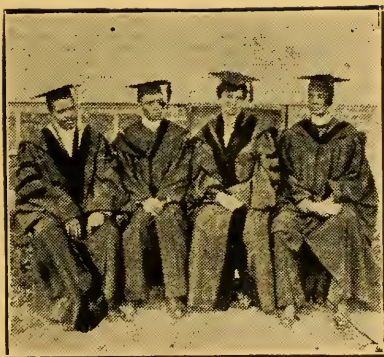
Judge E. J. Jackson's Store and Police Magistrate's Office



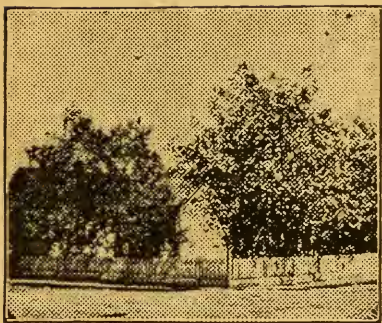
Lovejoy Colored School. Brooklyn, Illinois



Morris Packing Company Colored
Girls in Sausage Room



Negro Educators, Marion, Illinois



Tom Vaughan's Place, a white
resident of the Colored Town



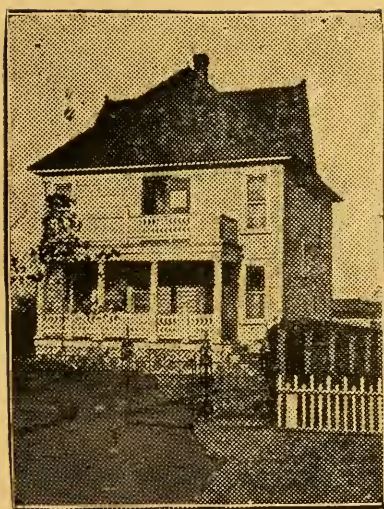
Colored School, Marion, Illinois



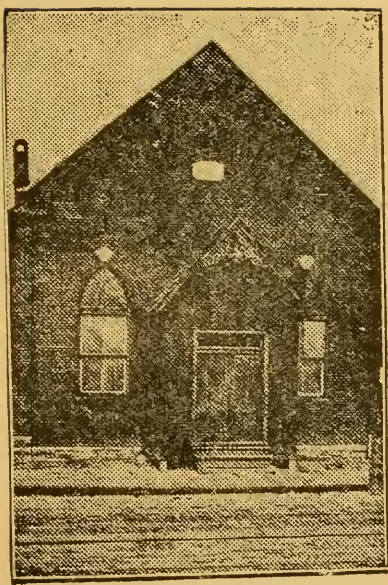
B. F. Washington, Ex-Mayor
of Brooklyn and Principal of
Marion, Illinois School



Antioch Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Illinois



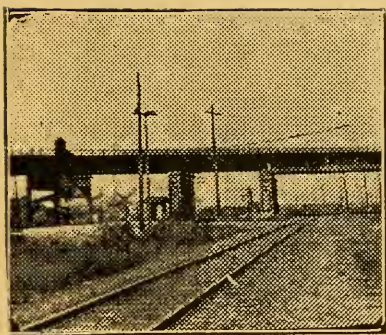
Residence of Mrs. Hobson and Family, Colored, Brooklyn,



A. M. E. Church



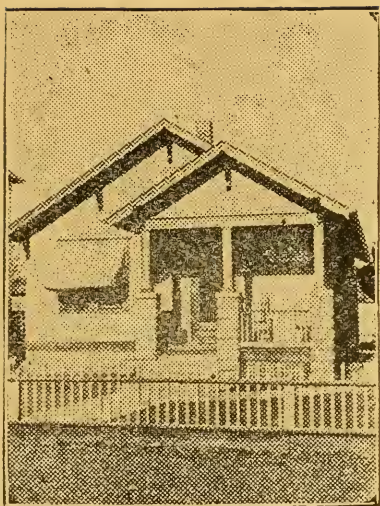
Miss Hazel Jackson,
Brooklyn, Illinois



T. R. R. A., Brooklyn, Venice Boundary Line
Of Brooklyn, Illinois



Benj. J. Lucas, Representative
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Home of Edward M. Green, Colored Notary Public and Village Clerk, Brooklyn, Illinois



Prof. William Terry, Principal of Lovejoy School
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